VOLUME II

# Quadrant

An Australian Quarterly Review

NUMBER 1

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SUMMER 5 1957-8

3 Comment

*Alan R. Chisholm* 6 Bees

*David Campbell* 7 Looking Down on Canberra

*James McAuley* 8 To a Young Lady Wearing a Picture-Map Dress

*Dal Stivens* 9 The Gentle Basilisk

*M. H. Ellis* 13 Rum Rebellion Reviewed

*T. Andrzejaczek* 25 Suburbia—A Cultural Defeat

*Dennis Davison* 30 Crisis

*D'Arcy Niland* 33 The Sound and the Silence

*Charles Higham* 38 Lines for a Myth

*G. N. Sprod* 39 Wrought-Iron Raillery

*Herbert Piper* 49 The Background of Romantic Thought

*Lloyd Ross* 57 Problems of Trade Unionism

*H. A. Lindsay* 65 The Bastard from the Bush

*O. H. K. Spate* 69 Westwards the Course

*John Bedggood* 75 Italic Handwriting

*Roger Covell* 81 The Noise in the Background

89 Reviews

26 June 1979

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# Travel British

## *by* SHAW SAVILL
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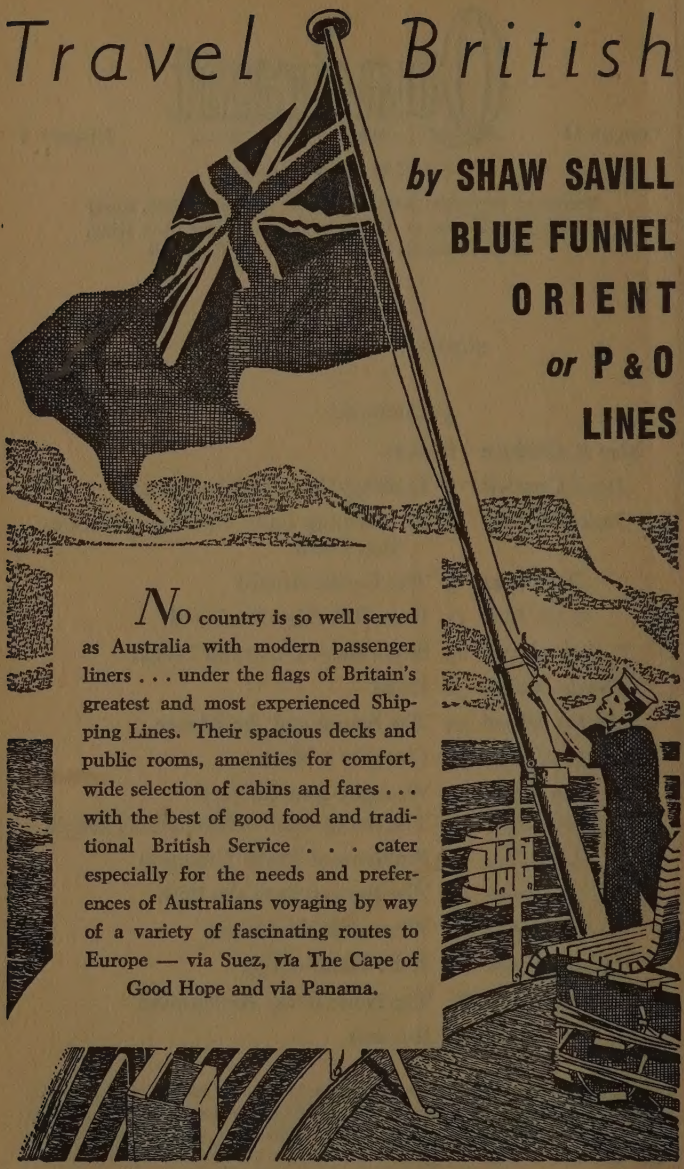
## LINES



No country is so well served as Australia with modern passenger liners . . . under the flags of Britain's greatest and most experienced Shipping Lines. Their spacious decks and public rooms, amenities for comfort, wide selection of cabins and fares . . . with the best of good food and traditional British Service . . . cater especially for the needs and preferences of Australians voyaging by way of a variety of fascinating routes to Europe — via Suez, via The Cape of Good Hope and via Panama.

# COMMENT

## HOW TO DESTROY THE MONARCHY

IT IS a fact of some political importance that those North-western European countries which have preserved their monarchies are outstanding for ordered government and civil liberty, whereas the abolition of the national monarchy in favour of republican forms in other parts of Europe has usually opened an age of increased political instability frequently leading to dictatorship.

The heart of the matter is that mysterious element of 'legitimacy' which invests a political order with an appeal beyond either compulsion or utilitarian calculations. Where legitimacy fails, naked coercion tends to take over. Legitimacy in the European political tradition is normally rendered visible in the Crown. Today people seem less able to make the elementary distinction between the validity of the office and the personal quality of the office-holder. The time was when monarchs could be abused in person without their office being shaken. Today the office and the person tend to stand or fall together. If the Royal Family is forced to live on public favour like a TV act, the keystone of the arch of our political structure is no longer safe.

For those therefore to whom being progressive means exercising a blind but unerring instinct for taking up whatever fashionable idea is most likely to help unpick the fabric of our civilization we offer the following twofold programme for creating the conditions of real trouble if ever royalty is borne by persons of less self-sacrificing devotion and moral stability than the present holders of that dignity:

1. Let the popular press continue its vulgar glamorization of the Royal Family while at the same time it ruthlessly plays up every rumour about rifts and disagreements and potential scandals in the household.

2. Meanwhile let the superior reviews advance along the road opened by Altrincham's graceless criticisms, followed by the *New Statesman's* airing of the views of a callow marquess, and by *Encounter's* encouragement to the latest 'angry young man'. Let them assert that our democratic system requires that the Queen should be deprived of the right to choose her friends

from amongst people congenial to her in taste and upbringing and should allay the itch of egalitarian envy by confining her social life to trade union officials, redbrick university teachers, grocers, plumbers, African politicians, and Dominion trade agents—or even editors of quarterly magazines.

## 'THE FINE ITALIAN HAND'

WRITING is a social art, and should be cultivated with the same requirements of courtesy, grace and ease as civilized manners generally. To write in slovenly, illegible, affected, or over-assertive ways is simply a form of bad manners. How plain or fancy, careful or rapid, the script depends on the occasion. But there is really no excuse for sending letters that give our friends trouble to read, or handing over work for copying that causes needless difficulty, or having to have our names typed under our signatures. John Bedggood's article in this issue on the revived Italic style brings to attention the spreading movement for a reform of this aspect of our manners—a reform long overdue.

People sometimes complain that to adopt the Italic style would rob one's handwriting of 'personality'. But, in the first place, the main purpose of handwriting is not to exhibit personality but to be pleasantly legible. In the second place, the fear is groundless because the writer always impresses his character on the shape and rhythm of the words—all the better for not using them as a medium for self-exhibition, which always tends to falsification.

Today when the satisfactions of craftsmanship are so little available for most people, good writing is one kind of handwork which can be an everyday art for all. To practise it is to experience again that union of beauty, use and meaning which is the proper condition of art, though our contemporary arts have largely lost the secret of it, to their own discomfort.

## HOW MANY FLOWERS SHALL BLOOM?

WE REGRET that *Quadrant* has been refused financial help from the Commonwealth Literary Fund. The applications of three other new magazines, *Overland*, *Westerly* and *Australian Letters* were also rejected. At the same time the grant to the two existing recipients, *Southerly* and *Meanjin*, was increased to £1,000 a year. In itself this increased generosity

is welcome and we wish the magazines concerned well. What reason was given the other rejected applicants we do not know; in our case it was that *Quadrant* was 'not essentially literary in aim and content'.

'Literary' is one of those words like 'reasonable' whose application expands or contracts as circumstances and attitudes vary. The scope of *Quadrant's* interests is certainly no wider than the range of topics reviewed for instance in *The Times Literary Supplement*. We found some difficulty in deciding in what respect we had gone over the invisible and mobile line of the Fund's limits. Evidently it was not in having political interests, for these have been so prominent in one of the two quarterlies already receiving aid as to have provoked discussion in Parliament. We conclude that it must be our modest ventures into such things as natural history, travel and exploration.

In the situation that now exists *Quadrant* must maintain itself in a limited field already occupied by two magazines backed by the Government. We are therefore all the more grateful to the support given us by the business firms whose advertising we carry, without which we could not survive and continue to pay our contributors modest freelance rates. These advertisements have been made a point of adverse comment by some critics for whom anything to do with 'big business' is inherently discreditable. We should like to take the opportunity of saying that we are very proud and pleased to carry advertisements from the business world. Some forms of production and service such as banking, insurance, shipping, oil, power, steel, automobiles and so on are necessarily carried on by big organizations, and in our society these things are left mainly in private hands, not massed in a gigantic state monopoly. We can believe in the sincerity but hardly in the good sense of those who do not see that private business is part of the structure of a free society, just as much as independent trade unionism is. If some of the big unions would like to advertise in *Quadrant*, they also would be very welcome.

We are confident that *Quadrant* will continue to bloom. The Christmas season has stimulated us to a certain lightheartedness in some pages of this issue and we hope our readers will enjoy them.

# BEES

*Alan R. Chisholm*

Melius est 'melissa, melissa' dicere
quam 'thalassa, thalassa'

The bee's incessant labours
Are centred on the comb;
From blooms that are its neighbours
Its path leads safely home.
It pauses not to ponder
On things around its track;
It has not learnt to wander:
Its course is there and back.

It knows no far horizons,
And has no urge to know;
No glittering dream bedizens
Its sober to-and-fro.
It muses not on sorrow,
Nor joy can it afford:
Today, and then tomorrow,
There's honey to be stored!

A bee that started thinking
Would be an awful bee;
That's worse than drones or drinking,
Or dreaming of the sea.
And maybe in the morning,
Or maybe in the night,
There'd be a dreadful warning—
A liquidated flight.

Yet far beyond the bee-lines
The green meridians lie,
And earth-and-sky-and-sea-lines
Are beckoning to the eye.
And strong hearts go a-wandering
Beyond the calling seas;
And strong minds go a-pondering
Beyond the ken of bees.

At night the planets glitter,
The moon's a silver bowl,
The asteroidal litter
Is strewn from pole to pole,
And all creation's shining,
It's good to be alive;
But bees are all reclining
Inside a dreamless hive.

Let silvery evenings vanish,
Or golden suns arise:
Sound habit still shall banish
All thoughts of high emprise;
And bees shall shun demurely
The lure of road and wave,
And bees shall live securely
From larva-cell to grave.

## LOOKING DOWN ON CANBERRA

*David Campbell*

No doubt the world is carrying on
For Canberra groans in purple haze,
Yet it is good, these autumn days,
Sitting among the hills alone,
To watch a spider thread a stone
And listen while the mountain jays
Fill the distances with praise—
And every web and song their own.
And thousand voices of the town,
The worn phrase, the ruined word,
In this clear mountain silence drown
Leaving the sweet song of a bird
And coupled stone. Yes, it is good
To think and sing in solitude.

## TO A YOUNG LADY WEARING A PICTURE-MAP DRESS

*James McAuley*

Delightful girl, your dress displays
An English county to our gaze,
A moving image, contoured map
Depending from the shoulder-strap.

Green meadows fold across your breast
Where cattle graze and horses rest.
About the midriff and the waist
A village sleeps, and paths are traced;

And here a tractor stands, in fields
Rich with the hope of future yields.
Southwards our glance discreetly slips:
A forest shade spreads to the hips,

And now a main road brings us down
With frequent traffic to the town,
A workshop-mart, with gardens girt,
And suburbs spread across the skirt.

And if we turn when you walk by
A final scene rewards the eye:
A great stone abbey crowns the plump
Eminence of a tender rump.

This patterned landscape, rich and green,
Rebukes our harsher local scene;
Sweet English order in the dress
Kindles Australian wantonness.

# THE GENTLE BASILISK

*Dal Stivens*

AN ORPHAN basilisk grew up alone in an African desert. He was innocent of his true malevolent nature and regarded himself—when he thought of himself at all—as an ordinary kind of serpent and not very different from the vipers with whom he shared the desert.

He was a gentle little serpent, aesthetically dispositioned and given to sniffing the flowers of the hardy desert shrubs; he was unaware that mature basilisks have breaths so poisonous they blast shrubs and burst stones asunder. Accordingly, his surprise was great when one day in young manhood he smelled one of his favourite shrubs and saw it wither under his bulging eyes.

'Astonishing!' he cried and breathed exploringly on a neighbouring shrub. It died in seconds. 'I did it, then,' said the gentle basilisk. He was so shocked he burst into tears. He retired into a cave and stayed there for three days. On the fourth he crawled out and wriggled determinedly across the desert.

'I'll seek the help of the holy man who lives in the Blue Cave,' said the young basilisk, averting his head as he approached a shrub. 'He is a wise man and may well know how to help me.'

The ancient monk listened to the basilisk and shook his head.

'There's nothing I can do,' he said. 'You are as God made you. It is not for me to doubt the wisdom of the Almighty in creating basilisks with malevolent breaths—' here the hermit scratched his bald, scaling head—'though sometimes I almost entertain blasphemous doubts. If you were a human being with a soul, I could baptize you and enjoin you to seek salvation. But it's clear you have no soul though your sentiments of not wishing to blast trees and burst boulders asunder—'

'Trees and stones,' corrected the basilisk, modestly.

'Trees and stones,' said the holy man. 'Your sentiments do your heart honour. I'm inclined to think you may have been born into a pagan state of grace—'

Here the hermit broke off in dismay at his words and crossed himself hurriedly. He resumed, 'My son, be patient and accept your lot—and, pray you, continue to keep your head averted while I give you the benefit of such wisdom as the years have

brought me. It is not for you to change your lot. That has been determined.'

'Venerable father, I should like to accept your advice,' said the young basilisk, 'but I have heard it said it is possible to lift oneself by one's own shoestrings if the will is great enough—and, of course, if one wore any shoes.'

'My son, it is no more possible for you to change your physical nature than it is for that gnat which I see hovering over you.'

In that instant, the gnat perched on the basilisk's neck and stung him. The basilisk started violently, turned his head and wheezed painfully. The ancient withered into ashes.

The basilisk contemplated the tiny grey heap with tears in his eyes. 'I'm sorry it happened to him for he was a good man and meant well though I did not find his philosophy attractive. It could be argued his fate was predestined. He would not have wished it otherwise.' And then added, 'Boy, did you see how swiftly he went into a crisp!'

The young basilisk set off for the Yellow Cave where he knew there dwelt an alchemist.

'I should have approached him instead of that determinist,' he told himself.

The alchemist listened to the young basilisk's story and burst into laughter when he heard of the fate of the hermit.

'Every dogma has its day even if it's a short one,' he said. 'Don't worry, my boy, we'll soon cure you. Every poison has its antidote. Just be careful to keep your head turned away.'

The alchemist paced up and down the cave. 'I'll soon have the answer. Anything is possible in nature. Man has merely to find the key to uncover all secrets.'

He gestured. 'Behold that great stack of dross lead, my boy. Any day now I'll turn it into the purest of gold.' The alchemist shrugged and flung out both hands. 'Why should there be any difficulty in solving your little problem, my boy?'

'None at all,' said the young basilisk. 'Unless—'

'Unless nothing!' said the alchemist contemptuously. 'Your breath is poisonous. Find the antidote. Simple as ABC. I'll start with the premise that your breath is alkaline.'

The alchemist poured a smoking liquid from a bottle into a spoon. 'This is an acid and could well be the antidote. Swallow it down.'

'It looks as though it might burn me,' said the young basilisk doubtfully.

'Come, my boy, where's your love of experiment? Down with it. It can't hurt you. Basilisks are invulnerable—or nearly so.'

'As you wish,' said the young basilisk, uncertainly. 'But what's this "invulnerable" business?'

'I see you are not merely timid but uneducated,' said the alchemist. 'Basilisks can't be poisoned. They can be slain by a knight but only if he is fortunate enough to avoid their evil breath.'

'Invulnerable, just fancy that!' exclaimed the young basilisk joyfully.

'Let's waste no more time,' said the alchemist and put the spoon down on the floor of the cave and stepped back. The young basilisk crawled towards it and sipped cautiously.

The acid stung his lips, tears blinded his eyes, and he tossed his head round in agony. 'It burns,' he protested through blistered lips. 'You said it wouldn't hurt.' The young basilisk threshed about for half a minute and then demanded, 'Why don't you answer me, hey?'

His eyes cleared and he saw a small heap of ashes. The basilisk blinked. 'I'm sorry it happened but he was unpractical and obviously brought it on himself by his cocksureness.' He appraised the heap of ashes. 'Golly, I crisped him to a smaller heap than the hermit!'

The young basilisk wriggled away. He had gone only a short distance when he was challenged by an armoured knight who drew down his visor and couched his lance.

'A moment, pray you, sir knight,' cried the young basilisk. 'I am not at all what you think I am. I am a basilisk with a gentle disposition and a genuine love of shrubs and even boulders.'

'Prepare yourself, basilisk!' said the knight, sternly. 'I am a plain man with no time for words.'

'I beg you to believe me, sir knight. Although my breath is poisonous, I would not harm any tree, crag, or living man. Indeed, I wish to render innocuous my malevolent breath.'

'Wishes aren't achievements,' said the knight shortly. 'I treat things as I find them. I am a practical man. You are a basilisk. Basilisks have venomous breaths. Basilisks should be destroyed.'

'But I wish no harm to any man,' said the basilisk.

'That is what you say now,' said the knight, 'but you have the power to blast shrubs and split stones and power—as I have heard a wise man say—power corrupts. Look to yourself, basilisk!'

And shouting 'God be my guide,' the knight drove the spurs into his horse and bore down on the basilisk. The serpent waited fearfully. Sweat started from between his scales. His heart

beat rapidly. He panted and called piteously on the knight that it was unnecessary to slay this basilisk whatever others might be.

The knight thudded up to the little serpent, steel lance tip thrusting down, gleaming in the sun. Suddenly the lance head flickered with dancing blue flames. Blue fire raced up the shaft. The knight's suit shone red and blue-white. The horse dissolved into tumbling ashes. The incandescent suit of armour clanked into the horse's ashes.

'Golly!' cried the astonished basilisk. 'It was terrific! I get more and more malevolent, it seems.'

He wriggled away, meditatively slow. 'It seems I cannot escape my nature no matter how I wish it.' He gazed contemplatively at a large boulder. 'I wonder what I could do to that?' He filled his cheeks and blew hard. The great rock split with a roar.

'Oh boy!' cried the young basilisk, exultantly. 'Did you see that?' He looked around him. 'Let's see what I can do to that oak.' He puffed hard. The oak shivered and then flew apart with a tumult of sound.

'I must be the most malevolent of all basilisks,' he cried, wonderingly. 'What did that knight say about power? To hell with him. Now look at that mountain over there . . . and that army of knights at its foot. I wonder what I could do to them?'

The basilisk scratched his chin on a stone and then set off determinedly towards the flapping pennants.

*Dal Stivens*

LITTLE ENGLAND AS A LITERARY CRITERION

From a review of Salvador de Madariaga's novel *War in the Blood* in *The Times Literary Supplement* 26 June 1957:

'The scene is sixteenth-century Mexico, in the first generation after the conquest. . . . The hero, intoxicated by the thrill of sacrificing living men, joins his mother's people in rebellion. The author's great learning suffices to paint a realistic picture of the times . . . but the minds of both Spaniards and Aztecs, as shown by Don Salvador, seem remarkably foreign to the mentality commonly met with in Britain.'

# RUM REBELLION REVIEWED

*M. H. Ellis*

I

DR H. V. Evatt's *Rum Rebellion*, published in 1938, probably has influenced the popular outlook on the events and causes of the rebellion against Governor Bligh in 1808 more than any other book. Coming from the pen of the Young Roscius of the High Court Bench it was regarded as having authority and weight beyond the ordinary. Its statements of alleged fact, no less than its positive judgments, were generally accepted without question—save by Sir Ernest Scott, Professor of Australian History at Melbourne University, whose just criticism was brushed aside with some scorn.

The book does not profess to be a mere discussion of facts. It is obviously intended to be a judgment delivered from the High Court Bench of History.

There is not space to deal with it fully in this short article. Therefore, I propose to take two completely typical chapters—no more nor less inaccurate than the rest—and submit them to assay . . . one to show the kind of evidence on which Dr Evatt claims to be able to prove that the New South Wales Corps acquired a monopoly over the Colony's trade in spirits; the other to exhibit, in particular, the superficiality of his research, the inaccuracy with which he crystallizes the results of it and how ready he is to jump to malign conclusions about those he dislikes. It is fair to isolate these chapters, because *every* other chapter is subject to the same sort of criticism of its errors.

Our author attacks the 'copybook tradition' based on the work of historians who, without making independent research or assimilating 'the official records', accept the legends of those who have gone before; yet he himself does that in almost every phase of his work, especially when his precursor happens to be Dr Mackaness, an historian whose errors are legion and who often obviously does not even understand the meaning of words used in early documents; one whose knowledge, indeed, is so much in embryo, that he believes such stuff as that 'during the years up to 1795 the Government' (i.e. of New South Wales) 'was administered by the commanding officer under martial law' and that 'raised in such a manner', (i.e. with recruits obtained on a bonus system, with large sums paid for commissions), it is no wonder that the men composing the (NSW) Corps 'were not exactly of the same class' as the Guards or the

Blues—whose men and commissioned ranks were raised in exactly the same ways! Elsewhere than in the book Evatt has praised Mackaness' 'carefully balanced' summing up of the case on Bligh, all oblivious of his many errors. Generally speaking when Mackaness turns over, Evatt turns over. And no well-known historian has yet failed so thoroughly to assimilate the official records as Dr Evatt.

Dr Evatt supposes 'it would be intolerable if the judgments of history had to be pronounced by trained lawyers rather than by persons unskilled in the actual science of legal investigation' (6th edition, p. 11). He thinks historians not legally trained for research, however, are under a 'considerable handicap in reaching sound conclusions'. They are, it seems to him, 'sometimes ready to accept documents at their face value'. And he believes that though the legal mind 'may often be lacking in imagination'—I can assure my readers that his is certainly not—it is 'essential that such quality should be employed scientifically'. Documents, he writes, should be handled 'for the purpose of ascertaining the facts, of drawing only permissible inferences'. That—our learned author points out—is work which is 'part and parcel of the everyday work of the practising lawyer':

> Rules and canons of evidence are brought into play for the purpose of avoiding error and ascertaining truth.

Now, let us apply Dr Evatt's principles of historical research and treatment to the two chapters which I have selected.

## II

Chapter IV, my first sampling, is called *Curious Corps*. In it its writer sets out to prove (1) that the New South Wales Corps which figured so largely in the rebellion against Bligh was a somewhat disreputable body of men far below British Army standards, (2) that the officers of the Corps established a monopoly of the Colony's rum traffic and by shameless profiteering and debauchery of the convict population rose to wealth and overthrew Bligh when he took effective steps to end their rum-soaked reign.

Dr Evatt declares early in the chapter (p. 21) that 'an adequate judgment of the root causes of Bligh's overthrow can only be attempted if we appreciate at the outset the position occupied by this regiment.'

Thus, obviously, in trying the regiment it is his duty to be exacting in his testing of evidence, to assure that all the relevant facts are brought out, and to give an impartial judgment.

He begins by saying that the New South Wales Corps was 'a very specialized unit of the armed forces'; that

> military historians sometimes refer to a 'picked corps'. Such was the New South Wales Corps, but 'in an evil sense'.

He gives as the source of the two quotations he makes a book by an economist (Shann) who knew nothing of military history.

Dr Evatt continues:

> It (i.e. the Corps) was described by Governor Hunter as consisting of 'soldiers from the Savoy—(i.e. from the London military prison)—and other characters who have been considered disgraceful in other regiments in His Majesty's service'.

He asserts that even if this comment is 'expressed in exaggerated form', it is 'based on substantial fact'.

It isn't. Hunter made his comment in a fury in 1796, after some soldiers had been engaged in a small riot of a type common in the history of many a regiment of the day and it was generally based on untrue statements. When the War Office sent out even *two* soldiers from the Savoy the outcry from the officers was such that it did not repeat the experiment. For the rest, the Corps consisted of a fair average of the British Army of the day. If it contained a few convicts who had served their sentences, and they were a very small proportion in Hunter's day and much resented by old fashioned officers, almost every other British Line regiment of the period included more criminals who had *not* served sentences, since during the Napoleonic wars the assizes were popular recruiting grounds for both Army and Navy. The rest of the rank and file were largely made up of old soldiers plus a company of Marines who had joined in a body. A large part of the Corps had served with Howe's fleet in the Channel in 1791. Yet Evatt says it was 'not enlisted as a fighting unit'. In truth, it was a corps of the Line.

Moreover, Evatt quotes only one side. Hunter himself in September 1800—a year more relevant to Evatt's theme than 1796—'thanked the men for their past laudable conduct and exhorted them to a continuance of it'. Governor King the same year praised 'the exactness and soldierlike behaviour of the regiment . . . which would do credit to the oldest regiment in His Majesty's Service'. In March 1801 he wrote to the Colonial Secretary, 'I have pleasure in noticing the general and regular behaviour of the New South Wales Corps'. In March 1802 (*HRA*, 1, 3, p. 457), he wrote 'it is my duty to inform you that the utmost order and regularity has uniformly prevailed among the non-commissioned officers and privates' of the Corps. On 5 June 1802, he wrote (p. 527) that 'their conduct

has been regular and good, and in many instances, very praiseworthy; nor can I say that a stigma ought to be thrown on all the officers. Their conduct generally has been proper since I took the command.'

The Corps' calibre is advertised best by its actions on the night of the Irish rebellion—a hot night in March 1804. The news of the event reached Sydney at midnight. By 1.30 a.m. a company of the Corps had been assembled, accoutred, armed and was ready to march while at the same time every convict in Sydney had been placed under military guard.

With sixty pound loads up the active service company which stepped out at 1.30 a.m. reached Parramatta—15 miles over rough tracks—at daylight, had a twenty minute respite and set out in two detachments to pursue the convicts who were believed to be about four hundred strong. In process of this duty they completed a forty-five mile march, the last seven miles of it at a 'run', to catch up with the retreating Irish.

It was scarcely the kind of feat one would expect of a company of fat rum traders.

However, Dr Evatt asks us to judge the Corps on a single choleric outburst by an unreliable naval officer Governor whose statements are full of fantastic contradictions and whose own words later belied his own abuse as they did in the case of John Macarthur. The *Rum Rebellion* is bare of the good things that were said about the Corps by Governors and others. And having maligned the ranks of the Corps, Dr Evatt treats us to his views on the officers:

> Dr Mackaness says rightly that 'some of the officers appear to have been of a low and inferior type'. One of them purchased his commission from the proceeds of the business of a crimp carried on at Charing Cross. Another, who was very prominent in the agitation against Bligh, was the son-in-law of a conspicuous forger, who, in the words of a contemporary manuscript: 'terminated all his temporal prospects by that afforded from the *New Drop* at the *Old* Bailey'.

It will be noticed that in this paragraph Dr Evatt adopts as true both the dictum of Dr Mackaness and the statements of some biographical witness whose identity he does not mention. He does not marshal the facts in favour of a verdict that the officers had some virtues: that most of them had held commissions in famous Line regiments in England; that two became lieutenant-generals in the British Army; that another ended his career a brigadier-general commanding the troops of a colony in Canada; that one became a Fellow of the Royal Society and that his collections are among the treasures of British science; that still another ended his career as manager of the Bank of

New South Wales. He does not stress, when trying them as a corps of officers, that they included the founders of the merino industry, one of the 'dauntless three' who made the first crossing of the Blue Mountains, one who built the first road across those mountains and an engineer who acquired a reputation throughout the British military world.

He merely sets down the alleged histories of the two officers of supposed 'low and inferior type' and leaves his readers to accept them as typical.

Who was the witness who gave him, and persuaded him of the accuracy of this piece of biographical libel? Dr Evatt didn't know. The author of it produced his testimony (in a version in Bligh's handwriting to guarantee its impartiality) with an injunction that it be sung to the tune of *A Health to the Duchess*.

It was, in fact, contained in an anoymous piece of spiteful and vulgar doggerel entitled *A New Song*, and the notes thereto, evidently written during the rebellious interregnum by somebody who had angry malice as his guide.

What would the trained legal mind conning this document produced by a witness unknown and uncrossexamined think of its credibility after applying to its contents, as advised by Dr Evatt, 'the art and science of legal investigation'? Do High Court judges usually give unquestioning credence to testimony in which an anonymous witness describes one of those whose character he proposes to blacken, as a 'grinning tobacco boy' and another as 'that Charing Cross crimp'? For thus were the two officers whose inferiority he cites referred to by his trusty witness. Are judges usually impressed by evidence rich in such epithets as 'turnip head tool', 'cub of a cook', 'ape Billy Cog', 'pragmatical monkey', 'miller's hog', 'pease cask poltroon'? Certainly one High Court judge, the author of *Rum Rebellion*, was able to accept anonymous testimony given in language of this kind without inquiring further.

If he had investigated he would have found that most of the statements were grossly malicious exaggerations or deliberate inventions with intent to damage. But time and again he quotes this scurrilous verse always leaving the impression that he accepts as having basic truth the vicious libels contained in it.

Years later Dr Mackaness discovered that the author of the song who held it against an officer that his father-in-law supposedly had been convicted of forgery, was himself a twice convicted forger, whose incentive to biography had been one hundred lashes and a sentence of transportation to the coal mines by some of those whom he so scurrilously maligned. That

discovery, however, did not lead either Dr Evatt or Dr Mackaness to review their opinions of the 'facts'.

Actually, the supposed 'crimp' was a warrant officer of the Coldstream Guards—a corps noted for its unusually exemplary methods of recruiting in an age of loose practice. The other 'low and inferior' officer was the son of a London city retailer—some said a pawnbroker—whose social status was sufficient for him to have been the schoolfellow and friend of a future commissary of the British Army and within the ambit of acquaintanceship of Sir Robert Peel. Despite the kind of witnesses whom Dr Evatt preferred—convicts always rather than free men or official records—they, surviving well beyond the convict era, one of them till 1865, died respected citizens who had lived, on the whole, useful if acquisitive lives. One was Captain Brabyn, the other Captain Anthony Fenn Kemp.

## III

Dr Evatt now sets about making his second finding (*Rum Rebellion*, 6th ed., p. 22) that 'the officers of the Corps came to monopolize the sale both of goods and spirits' in the Colony. If this judgment is discredited the whole central allegation of his story of the rebellion against Bligh also is discredited.

He calls one specific witness whose original evidence was given in England. He purports to cull it from the *Report of the Select Committee on Transportation, 1812* (p. 22):

> At the parliamentary investigation of 1812, Palmer, a reliable witness who had been Commissary of the Colony, referred to the evils resulting from the traffic in spirits. By an early practice, merchandise sent out by the British Government for distribution amongst all was first offered to and purchased by the officers *of the regiment*, who gradually asserted as a right a general claim of pre-emption over imports. In particular the officers gradually obtained the practical monopoly of the sale within the Colony of all imported spirits. Palmer explained that the officers did not exactly sell it themselves, etc.

Let us examine the actual testimony of Palmer, as shown in the *Report of the Select Committee, 1812* and see what sort of a fist Mr Justice Evatt of the High Court of History made of summarizing the evidence of the only free witness whom he invoked to clinch his opinion and whose testimony was before him in clear print.

The evidence of John Palmer,—who still was, not 'had been' Commissary and official head of the Colony's commercial system—appears on p. 61, not p. 22, of the *Report*. Verbatim its relevant part read as follows:

Q. Was not the greatest proportion (i.e. of spirituous liquors imported) bought by the *officers of Government*?

A. Each officer was allowed to take a certain quantity, the licensed people had the same; in general the officers had the same as the licensed people.

Q. Most of the officers trafficked in spirituous liquors?

A. Yes, they did.

Q. Did the missionaries traffick in spirituous liquors?

A. I do not think they had an opportunity, because they had not so much allowed them; they had a very small proportion indeed.

I paid away spirits for the purposes of agriculture. I farmed more than any other person. . . . You may get more ground worked for a little spirits than you can for anything else, and that I fancy is the reason for labour being so high.

Comparison shows how serious is the discrepancy between Palmer's actual evidence and Evatt's summary of it. Palmer referred to 'officers *of Goverment*', meaning all public servants on both civil and military establishments; Evatt distorts this into 'officers *of the regiment*'. Palmer did not say, as Evatt clearly infers that he did, that merchandise intended for distribution amongst all was first offered to and purchased by the officers of the regiment. He actually swore that officers of the regiment, of the civil service and the licensed victuallers were treated equally as to the amount issued to them—in other words that, in effect, less than a third of each issue went to the officers of the regiment. And so far from referring to the evils of the rum traffic, Palmer admitted freely that he himself paid spirits as wages to his men on a large scale and—by inference—at a high valuation. Margarot, the Scottish martyr, supported Palmer, but again Dr Evatt misinterprets his words, 'officers to whom the Government of the Colony is entrusted'.

Dr Evatt, of course, follows Dr Mackaness implicitly in the schoolboy mistake of assuming that 'officer' when used in a colonial document must mean 'military officer'.

All the sworn evidence which exists—e.g. before the Select Committees, in the Bigge evidence, and at the Trial of Colonel Johnston, of the transcript of which Dr Evatt professes to have made a close legal study, completely negatived the allegation that the Corps held such a monopoly. Even the Governors who used the rum trading accusation as a stick to beat individual adversaries or groups of adversaries, never made the charge or anything like it, until Bligh produced it in qualified form. But that does not deter Dr Evatt from finding the Corps guilty, not only on flimsy and misquoted evidence, but against virtually

the whole weight of sworn evidence contemporary with events and contained in documents which he professed to have read.

His final blow at the Corps' reputation is this:

> During Hunter's Governorship, the (N.S.W.) Corps came to be dubbed the *Rum Regiment* or the *Rum Puncheon Regiment.*

I will give £25 to any charity Dr Evatt likes to name if he can produce contemporary, or any, conclusive evidence, which establishes the truth of this statement.

## IV

The second chapter we are to examine, Chapter X, is called *Theft of a Vital Dispatch.* It follows some chapters leading up to it which are grossly inaccurate both in fact and findings.

The allegation here which Dr Evatt holds to be proved is that John Macarthur, supposed leader of the Corps' iniquity, stole, or planned the theft of, a dispatch to save himself from ruin.

The whole of the evidence on which Evatt convicts Macarthur appears in the introduction to Volume 3 of Series 1 of the *Historical Records of Australia* (p. xix), written by Dr Watson, editor of the *Records.*

Evatt's prelude to quotation of this is that, 'having a vivid recollection of Macarthur's successful defiance of Hunter'—about which the learned Doctor's earlier story is nearly all untrue in its salient particulars—Governor King was 'determined that the authorities in England should be made fully aware of Macarthur's attacks' on himself and 'therefore prepared a most elaborate and impressive dispatch . . . annexing copies of all the material documents'.

He asserts that 'King's dispatch denouncing Macarthur was dated 5 November 1801, and was a very bulky document' and continues that 'Dr Watson's account of the fate of these vital documents must be mentioned'. He gives what purports to be Watson's version: The dispatch box was

> . . . . . placed on board the brig *Anna Josepha* in the care of Lieutenant James Grant; but when it was opened in London it was found to be empty. Before the brig sailed, King had been warned that such a theft would be attempted and the conduct of the master, H. Meehan, fully justified such a warning. In consequence the box was not sent on board until the brig was under weigh, and Meehan was compelled to give a bond of £500 that neither Lieutenant Grant nor the dispatches would be interfered with. The *Anna Josepha* left for the Cape of Good Hope, and at that port Grant transhipped. When he heard of the theft, King severely censured Grant. The theft was evidently instigated by someone who was desirous of suppressing first information of the Macarthur-Paterson-Marshall trouble.

This, of course, is all second-hand and written one hundred and twelve years after the event, purely on the basis of a private letter from King written when untruths fell like hail from his pen. But Dr Evatt writes: 'So far as it goes, Dr Watson's conclusion is unanswerable'; but he adds that 'the question Watson leaves unanswered is, who organized the theft?' Dr Evatt is only too eager to supply the answer.

Of course, he writes, everybody 'knew that a copy of the document would be retained by King, and that, if subsequently required, it could be sent to England by another vessel. But time was the essence of the matter.' He then, without further research, gives judgment:

> If, on his arrival in England, Macarthur was able to state *his* case against King, with the latter's case quite unheard, the former would be placed, as in fact he was placed, in a position of enormous strategic advantage. All the documents in the Governor's dispatch were aimed at Macarthur's exile from the Colony. To protect his interests, it was necessary that the receipt of King's dispatch should be postponed for a considerable period of time. The only available method was a theft. The possibility of a theft had already occurred to King. The theft took place.

He adds: 'The inference is irresistible that either he (Macarthur) or some close associate of his arranged that the damning documents should be stolen and destroyed. I can see no other reasonable hypothesis which is consistent with all the facts.'

First, let us check whether Evatt's quotation of Watson is accurate and complete, apart from the fact that Watson's own statement is highly inaccurate in detail. It proves that our judicial authority leaves out most of the important part of what Watson has to say, despite the fact that at the beginning of the book he makes it clear that he has 'closely examined' and 'assimilated' the official records.

Watson, after making the statements which Evatt quotes, writes (p. xix) that, 'Macarthur sailed for England in the bark *Hunter* which cleared for Bengal; in this vessel, a second copy of the dispatch was forwarded under cover to the Marquis Wellesley at Calcutta, who was requested to forward it to the Duke of Portland . . . the dispatch was probably forwarded to India, and thence to London, as Lord Hobart did not acknowledge its receipt on or before 24 February 1803.' He adds that the 'non-arrival of Lieutenant (*sic*) McKellar, who carried a triplicate of the dispatch, and was the witness for the prosecution, before 24 February 1803, and the absence of written evidence prejudiced King's charges against Macarthur'.

Thus, there was not merely one dispatch sent, as Evatt alleges, but three. If Dr Evatt read Watson's statement he could

not have failed to know this. Inquiry, had he shown curiosity about them, would have proved at once the blundering errors into which Watson fell—there were several.

The history of the three dispatches which King sent forward was as follows:

King wrote to the Duke of Portland by the *Hope* (14 November 1801, *HRA*, 1, 3, p. 331):

> I have sent a copy of those documents by a very uncertain conveyance, and, as the originals will be forwarded in the ship Capt'n McArthur goes to England in, and by Captain McKellar, who takes that officer's sword home in the first whaler that sails from hence, I shall not trouble your Grace with a copy thereof by this conveyance. . . . Captain McArthur left this (*sic*) in the *Hunter* for Calcutta, from whence he will be forwarded by His Excellency the Governor General . . .

On 11 November King had written Wellesley asking him to forward the dispatch 'in the ship Capt. McArthur embarks on'. On 1 March 1802, King mentioned to Portland (p. 402) 'my dispatches sent by him', i.e. Macarthur.

Mark that this set of dispatches was an *original*.

The *Hunter* was a fine new ship, but she was dismasted in the Aru sea and Macarthur with his two children, a boy of eight and a delicate girl of five, awaited the coming of an East Indiaman to Ambon.

There is an original set of King's papers of 5 November 1801 in the Colonial Office records. These papers were reproduced by Watson in the *Historical Records of Australia*, 1, 3, pp. 276-320. But neither Watson nor Evatt troubled to have them looked at for the minutes on them. The former, because there was no special acknowledgment to King of their receipt,—perhaps the acknowledgment went to Wellesley—jumped to the conclusion that they were a set that arrived too late for the Government to know the contents when it dealt with Macarthur.

In truth, the set is minuted as received in 1802 and thus was available in London when Macarthur reported there (21 December 1802) or within a week later. It must have been the set he himself carried for Wellesley to transmit. The only other set of *originals*, sent in the *Caroline* with McKellar, was lost at sea.

The *Anna Josepha copy* also went astray.

If it was 'vital' King would scarcely have used such a vessel when several fast, sound ships were in port. There were, in fact, strong reasons why the owner of the ship, Simeon Lord, the convict merchant, should have been anxious about what might be in that dispatch box, no less than Lieutenant Grant. And anyway, King had no confidence in the ship, a rotten

one hundred and seventy ton Spanish prize carrying a load of coals to the Cape where she was to be sold. King wrote to Dundas by her (*NSWHR*, III, p. 610):

> The conveyance this goes by . . . is so miserable a tool that I think it a great chance if she arrives.

It seems, if we believe Watson (as Evatt does implicitly), that having had to take the most drastic steps, including the putting of the master of the *Anna Josepha* under heavy bond and holding back the dispatch box till the vessel was 'under weigh', to prevent Macarthur stealing the *copy* sent with Lieutenant Grant, King *almost on the same day the vessel sailed* handed the *original* to the thief Macarthur to take to India, so as to get to London at the same time as himself and thwart all the plans which Evatt is certain that he had made to 'be able to state *his* case against King with the latter's case unheard'. Anyhow, an original of the dispatch had arrived in 1802.

The references in Hobart's dispatch (*HRA*, I, 3, p. 38, 24 February 1803) and Calvert's letter, 31 January 1803, show conclusively that King's dispatch, supposedly filched by Macarthur, was available when Macarthur's case was considered by the authorities in London.

Both Evatt and Watson ignore several facts—that Macarthur was actually trying to sell out and leave New South Wales; that it was his demand and not King's that he should be court-martialled. Evatt closes his chapter, false in every material particular and as false in every deduction, with a final absurdity bearing on this matter:

> . . . sent home in disgrace, he (Macarthur) might even suffer a ruinous sentence at the hands of a general court-martial.

How on earth could a general court-martial—even if it had had King's dispatch before it—convict a man without a single witness outside the accused and, perhaps, McKellar, who as second to the challenger in the duel which had led to Macarthur's being sent to England, was a guilty accessory?

As Lord Hobart pointed out, (*HRA*, I, 4, p. 38) 'the necessary witnesses for the prosecution and defence could be found' only in Sydney.

*M. H. Ellis*

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# SUBURBIA—A CULTURAL DEFEAT

*T. Andrzejaczek*

TO OWN a house, to be the master of a miniature garden, fenced off and hedged off from the neighbours, to have a car and to be independent of inefficient public transport: this seems to be the dream of every young man and woman in this country. They call it the modern way of life, and are proud of it. It remains only to ask: how justly?

It was at the end of the nineteenth century that people decided to leave overcrowded cities and take advantage of modern means of transport and communication to go towards the open country in order to enjoy the fresh air and the privacy of which they had so long been deprived. Real estate agents jumped at the opportunity presented by this movement. They bought land on the outskirts of the cities, subdivided it in little blocks, and sold it to future lucky people—the owners of the houses of their dreams. The business was very profitable. Those real estate agents now hold seats in the legislatures, and own daily papers which express their faith in the future of a healthy nation living under the most excellent conditions ever provided.

Everyone seems to be pleased: young men and women, estate agents, builders, car salesmen, radio and television manufacturers, managers of drive-in theatres, drive-in banks, drive-in churches, drive-in bottle departments, perhaps next drive-in brothels for the drive-in crazy generation of democratic countries.

Everyone seems to be happy so what have we to bother about?

Everyone seems to be happy today, but what about tomorrow?

If we are so proud of our culture it is time we took stock of it. Is the culture we are prepared to fight for the kind typified by Rock-'n'-Roll, Wild Westerns, Johnnie Ray, and Liberace—the kind distributed over the world by press, radio and television, comics and cinemas, a salesman's culture measured by the financial takings of its commercial purveyors? This is certainly not the kind of culture that I am prepared to fight for! But unfortunately this is the only kind generally available for the suburban masses today.

Surveys carried out recently in the United States support this view. Richard Neutra, one of the world's leading architects, remarked during the recent Conference on Urban Design held in the United States that at the end of the nineteenth century cities were so much condemned as nests of crime, delinquency

and prostitution that it was forgotten that they were also centres of culture and education. Today crime and delinquency are still with us—they are spreading over the suburbs—but the role played by the city in the development of spiritual life has greatly diminished and the suburbs cannot replace it.

The plight of the theatre provides an instructive example. In their book *Theatres and Auditoria*, Burris-Meyer and Cole have stressed the point that whereas millions in the United States are now watching television programmes only thousands are attending live theatres and only hundreds going to the occasional opera shows. Public acceptance of this automation of cultural processes is doubtless conditioned by many factors, including the attitudes promoted by the general philosophy of our time, but is it not reinforced by the growth of suburbanism? Take for example a medium-sized theatre accommodating about two thousand patrons. A theatre of this size would cover a total area of about thirty thousand square feet. Assuming that most of the patrons arrive at the theatre by car at, say, the rate of four persons per car, and allowing for the cars of the staff, an area to cater for about five hundred and fifty cars is needed: this means that the theatre must be surrounded with about one hundred and ten thousand square feet of parking space, over three times as much as the space occupied by the building itself. This can hardly be provided within a congested city. On the other hand it is not possible to bring live theatres to the suburbs, because they work on a different economy from that of the cinema houses. With a resident company, a play must continue and bring profits till the actors are ready with the next play, which means that the theatre must have an adequate number of supporters to run each play for at least a month. This requires at least fifty thousand patrons; but such a figure cannot be assured from a few adjacent suburbs. The only practical solution seems to be to keep the theatre in the city and rely on public transport as is done in London or Paris. But in that case public transport must be organized on highly efficient lines.

The London Transport Executive plans on the basis that there must be more than two thousand passengers for each mile length of the route. In Australian suburbia, this would mean that, provided nobody used his own car, some of the passengers must walk for more than three-quarters of a mile before reaching the nearest bus-stop. In the actual conditions, many people prefer to rely on their own transport, or to stay at home, or to go to the local cinema rather than make the journey to town after

getting home from the day's work. This results in night buses going half empty, causing losses and consequent restriction of services. The general result is inefficiency of transport and high fares; and the city as a cultural centre suffers accordingly.

The other arts also suffer from these conditions. Art normally exists in close relation to the surrounding culture. The sensitive intuitive mind of artists has at times paved the way for the development of philosophy and science. For some fertile minds, to contemplate a painting by Picasso or Braque may be more suggestive than to read volumes on the theory of relativity. But most people in contemporary society have little contact with art, and regard it as something inferior to technological developments, dismissing it as a luxury for people with too much money. The significant art of the past and the present has become more and more confined to museums and art galleries in capital cities. To live in the suburbs means to go shopping at the local stores, to meet neighbours and exchange chitter-chatter about friends and foes, and to return home in a hurry to dig in the garden, water the lawn, burn rubbish or perform other similar home duties. But the suburban shopping centre or supermarket offers few cultural facilities; it satisfies only physical necessities. To go to the city for shopping, and after finishing with the purchase of wants to visit an art gallery or museum or exhibition or even a fashion show, to borrow a book from a great public library, to see magazines in the reading room: these are out of reach for the ordinary suburbanite. For the housewife in particular, the only link with external life may be the housewives' session on the wireless, a part of the programme I never hear anybody speak highly of.

Consider also the fate of churches under the new dispensation. Long ago spires and belfries were the first sign to travellers that they were approaching a city; they symbolized a culture which gave pre-eminence to spiritual values. Today it is the buildings of insurance companies which soar aloft and dominate the skyline. There are several reasons for the shrinking of the churches: for example the state no longer assists them, and communities are split into many denominations, each having its own modest place of worship. But one of the most important reasons is the fact that the potential congregation of the church is dispersed over a large suburban area instead of being clustered in urban apartment buildings, so that in spite of the heroic efforts of many supporters suburban churches are less and less able to rise above cheap materials and mean dimensions. In their physical being they have no power of impressing the growing

generation, no splendour to compete with the cinemas and hotels and dance halls.

Education is another sufferer in the cause of suburbia. In the United Kingdom, town-planning authorities together with educationalists have established certain statistical norms to be used in studying boundaries for future neighbourhood units. The most suitable size for a primary school was set at four hundred and eighty pupils. This was fixed with reference to a neighbourhood unit of five thousand inhabitants covering an area of about two hundred and fifty acres with walking distances not exceeding three-quarters of a mile. With this type of planning it is possible to provide access roads to the school completely divorced from normal vehicular traffic, thus improving the safety of school children. In Australia these standards would be difficult to meet. The state schools are frequently inadequate and overcrowded, and there are large walking or travelling distances between school and home which, combined with the grid-iron system of road planning, decreases the safety of children. Moreover, unlike the practice in England, there is no public support of voluntary schools, so that these find it even more difficult to reach the physical standards regarded as essential in other countries. Generally speaking one may say of both public and voluntary school buildings in Australia that at best they are 'fit for the purpose' only if their purpose is conceived as nothing more than to give physical shelter to children while they are being trained in basic elements of knowledge. Very seldom do they help in the formation of pupils' minds by appealing to their sense of beauty.

The importance of a high density of population for urban areas is even more obvious when analysing the principles of planning for secondary schools and adult education centres. Three primary schools are needed to provide an adequate number of pupils for one medium-sized secondary school of the general type. On the basis of one primary school for every five thousand inhabitants, a secondary school should serve a population of fifteen thousand people covering between seven and ten square miles. If efficient general or special transport is available the area can be extended somewhat without much loss; but this is a great drawback if the school is also to be used at night as a community centre or adult education centre.

The home environment provided by a spreading suburb should be considered in conjunction with education. Do these fenced-off blocks of living space provide for the healthy development of young folk? Play in backyards is often curtailed by the

parents' pride in their beautiful flower gardens and their vegetable plots; yet because the backyards exist little provision is made by development agencies for playgrounds where the children can really enjoy the space and facilities for play.

Another point that has been brought out recently in comment on English suburban developments applies with greater force to our own cities. Young families are forced into the outer suburbs and contact with relatives and friends is greatly weakened. The resulting isolation and lack of help is often felt acutely by the young mothers. Meanwhile the father—and possibly the working mother in many cases—with long journeys to and from work have less time to spend with the family, and still less for the social and political and cultural activities that should characterize a democratic community.

Finally one might list various technical difficulties caused by the building of houses on remote blocks of land. Public authorities are faced with an immense and expensive programme of new roads, sewerage, and water, electricity and gas supply. Cheap road-surfaces develop pot-holes easily; minimal street-lighting is a traffic hazard since the direct glare of scattered lamps may blind drivers at night. Storm-water drainage floods easily and if carried in open ditches may be very dangerous to children. Meanwhile the urban smog problem which is more and more demanding attention cannot be solved, because the only available solution, by district heating, is impracticable unless the city area has a high population density.

Some positive suggestions can be made for overcoming the evils I have tried to point out. First of all, the sound form of decentralization is to set a limit to the size of our cities and shift development elsewhere when that limit has been reached. This means taking business and industry together with the families attached to them and settling them in new, well equipped towns, designed on the basis of thirty to fifty persons to the acre gross. By having regard to such climatic conditions as the direction of prevailing winds, living quarters can be provided close to industrial plants, especially now that technological progress has made such proximity less dangerous than it used to be. Schools in such new towns should be related to neighbourhood units, with access apart from the traffic infested roads. A city centre of easy access would enable the city to regain its proper position in the cultural life of the community. At the same time existing town areas should have the gross density of their population increased so as to move towards the same result. Inner suburbs and derelict parts of the city itself should

be converted into modern estates with blocks of flats for single people and for families with up to three children. Civic centres should be provided, and traffic-ways improved to provide more effective transport. We should then witness a new sparkle being brought to the city's cultural life.

If there are problems of vice and crime in the urban environment, these should be fought by the proper social and educational means: it is not the universities, art galleries, libraries, theatres and opera houses of a well constituted city which cause this problem. Along these lines a new urban humanism might develop, based on spiritual principles, and served rather than dominated by technology and commerce.

*T. Andrzejaczek*

## CRISIS

*Dennis Davison*

Our tiny world, from earth to sky,
Too cramped for thoughts to learn to fly,
  Smothers with clogging air
  The spirit smouldering there.

A razor-petalled rose alone
Could cut a human heart of stone,
  And spill the holy blood
  Which is not understood.

The globe is split from pole to pole,
And in the twilight lurks the soul;
  The sun and moon remain:
  Integral joy and pain.

Today the knowing telescope
Reports the final bounds of hope
  The music of the spheres
  Is muted by our fears.

Can one believe, when faith is spent,
Stars are bright holes in this black tent;
  That those who trust their eyes
  Peep through to Paradise?

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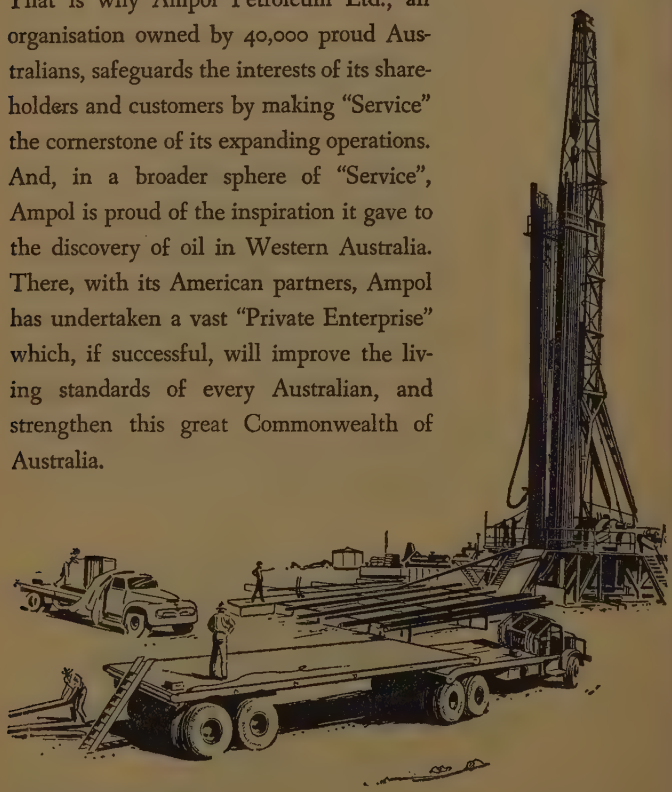


# THE SOUND AND THE SILENCE

*D'Arcy Niland*

THE noise became a big wheel spinning, pounding, humming, roaring. There was the shock of crashing mountains in it and the pace of comets. There was an agony of terror. And then it seemed the house flew apart like flowers in a high wind, and the noise was gone. And when he saw it was gone he went over and sat on the bed and simpered. He folded his arms, the hands crushed under the armpits, and rocked back and forth, moaning a little. He sat there for a long time.

When he got up he stood for a moment, then walked to the door leading out of the bedroom and suddenly, on the threshold, turned his face in fear. But there was no need. He made a little cautious noise in his throat and backed away down the hall. He went into the kitchen and took food from the cupboard, a muttonbone, and started to wrest the meat off it; and he was tearing off the heel of a loaf when he stopped, listening, with the bread still in his mouth and a sweat of alarm on his forehead.

He crept back along the hall towards the bedroom and, standing pressed against the wall, held the bread in his outstretched hand in the doorway. His mouth was open, waiting. But there was no sound. He stood square in the doorway and ate the bread and there was no sound, and he stared in wonderment and perplexity.

Then he made sure. He cried out: 'I will take all the food in the house and eat it all. All the food I can put in my belly. And I will go outside, too. Right out.'

And when he said these words he waited in dread. But nothing happened. And he made doubly sure. He went to the forbidden drawer and pulled out of it the guarded treasures—the trinkets and the photographs and the doyleys and flung them scattered on the floor. And his heart was like a great bird in the cage of his chest as he watched and waited, but nothing happened. And slowly the little sounds came out of his throat and the light broke across his understanding gradually melting the last lingering shadows of his incredulity.

The noise was gone.

Sitting there, thinking, his hands came into focus, and he lifted them up and turned them this way and that; but he didn't see the thick wrists, the padded palms, the hair-bronzed

joints, the burred knuckles. He saw them as hollow gloves, and the noise had gone into them. He slapped them upturned and downturned on the bed and struck them against the wall, skinning them, and no noise came and he knew the noise wasn't in them.

He was full of joy. He went back into the kitchen and ate bread and butter and drank milk. And he saw the packet of cigarettes on the shelf and he took one for the first time in his life and struck a match to light it. He puffed at the cigarette, but held it away and scrutinized it with a look of distaste. Then he thought there was pleasure in crushing it out. He held the lighted end in the saucer and pressed down and the cigarette bent and crumpled with a twist. He liked that. He lit all the cigarettes and put them out that way.

He went into his little room and fell asleep on the stretcher. And he came out of sleep in the darkness and jumped up and ran to the door listening for footfalls; and pelting back and turning on the kitchen light, and standing aghast at the dirt and neglect, he swiftly cleared the table, shoving the dishes in the sink and putting on the tablecloth and pulling potatoes out of the vegetable box and hurrying to peel them.

And then he remembered what he remembered this morning. He went on with the tea but he didn't hurry, and there was a bright calm on his face. He ate the meal and he defiantly left the dishes and went back to bed. He lay awake in the darkness, and the creak of the house was strange in the darkness as the darkness was strange in the creak of the house. He knew the sound of the iron roof shrinking, the weatherboards stretching, the floorboards talking like mice among themselves. The tap dripped like a little mallet on glass and the window across from him shrugged loosely in its frame. He knew all these things that had been with him a thousand nights, but tonight they were strange.

He went to sleep when sleep took him like a drug. But he woke again in darkness and sat bolt upright in terror. He jumped out of bed and ran through the house putting on the lights. He was naked to the waist, the way he always slept, and the hair glinted redly on his chest and was a tumbled shaggy flare on his head. His thick shoulders hunched as he stood there, with his long shadow up the hall like a wet stain on the faded carpet. The slight currents of air touched and turned chill the sweat of his body, raising a rough braille on his flesh.

The noise was not gone out of that house. It was still in that house, hidden away somewhere in the silence. It was around. It waited unheard and watched unseen. It was with him. Like a

man who walks in fear of coming upon an armed quarry, he crept through the house, listening, listening with a strained alertness for its whereabouts.

It was laired in that silence and he sought clues from the silence. He looked up into the darkish corners of the roof among the wisps of cobweb bearded with dust as if he might see it there. And he scouted under the bed and behind the plain cheap wardrobe, looking and listening; and he went into the other bedroom, and he stood stockstill when he saw the bicycle chain on the floor. His teeth started to chatter and he ran out of the room and slammed the door shut, and was shivering.

Then the silence was all around him as around a statue and he heard the wash of it in his ears. He went into the kitchen and stared all round, knowing it was looking at him and knowing that he might surprise it grimacing from behind the tins on the top of the dresser, leering from under the table, sitting with cunning secrecy, like a sniper, on the broken light shade above his head. But he saw and heard nothing, and rage came snarling out of his horror, and he wanted the silence to be shaped—shaped so he could beat it into confessing the whereabouts of the noise.

But there was no way he could handle it and fright and horror strengthened in him.

This was not like yesterday, when the chains were broken and the house was no longer a barricade and he dwelt on the pleasant instincts of freedom. He hadn't vanquished the noise; he'd only hidden it and now he couldn't find it. And he feared its power more than ever because it was unseen and unexpectant.

He fled into his room and shut the door and fell on the bed.

In a little while he heard another noise and he listened to it—the light slap of running feet, the clink of bottles on the verandah, the feet again, and silence. He put out the light and looked through the window. A misty man was running along the street in the dawn.

He went and opened the front door, put his hand around and picked up the milk; and he drank one bottle of it in a frightened way, as though trying to lure the sound out of its silence. He went back to his bedroom and lay there, tortured, and started moaning.

At five o'clock in the evening he heard footsteps crunching on the gravel walk, and, wild-eyed, shaggy-headed, he ran down the hall and pulled the key out of the front door. A woman was framed in the keyhole, walking up to the keyhole, then a check wall against the keyhole.

She knocked. He didn't move his head. His lip curled slightly. She knocked again, and then again. 'Yoo-hoo. Anyone home?'

'Go away,' he said, frightened by the voice.

'That you, Billy?' the woman said, with a note of greeting in her voice. 'Where's your mother?'

'Go away.'

'I've got a message for her. Will you tell her I want to see her?'

He didn't answer. He saw the check wall move around in a circle and the area enlarge as the woman walked to the edge of the verandah; then it diminished again: 'Is she in?'

'Go away.'

'She's not sick, or something, is she?'

He didn't answer, and she said sharply with anger, 'The boss wants to know why she wasn't at work yesty, or today. Tell her I want to see her at once.'

Still he didn't answer, and he heard her angry voice as if she were pressing her mouth to the wood. 'If you don't answer me or do as I say I'll tell her when I see her, and you know what that'll mean for you. Don't you? Are you going to answer my questions?'

She waited, and he waited, and she said, 'All right, my lad.'

And he watched her shrink in the keyhole again. Halfway down the path she turned her white, wrinkled face and looked back. He saw her thin mouth and squinted eyes. He watched her go through the gate and past the keyhole.

And suddenly he felt the exhaustion of the day's search and the day's vigilance. He felt the weakness in his bowels, a sick emptiness, and he cringed away from the conqueror: the noiseless noise sheltering in the stillness, hiding in the silence; and he was crying his submissiveness, cowering, and mouthing his obedience, saying, 'I will be good. I will be good. I won't steal no more food when you're away. I won't answer no doors. I will keep inside.'

And he started sobbing in a terrible fright of contrition, slobbering in his hands and rocking his head wildly. And then slowly he stopped. He kept very quiet. He sat very still.

As if a light had poured into his brain, he knew where the noise was. He knew where it was and he knew why it wouldn't start, because the words had to start it. The words had to start it, and the words had to leave off being words and become only sound, and the sound build fast and heavy and become the big wheel spinning, roaring like the whirl of atoms and terrible in its velocity.

He ran into the bedroom and fell down where the noise was cooped; where he thought it was cooped, and where he had to prove it was cooped, so that by proving it to be there he would prove it to be nowhere else.

He punched and tugged and pulled and slapped, shouting: '"Idiot, ape, beast." Say the words. Say them. Say them.'

But the silence was only the more clam-lipped and deeper for the sound from himself: his screeching voice, his harsh panting, the fleshy cuffings of his hands, the bumping of the head on the floor.

'Say them. Say them. "Thief, liar, sneak." And all the words. Say them. Say them.'

He shrieked: 'Take the chain and beat me and say them. Take the chain.'

He was weeping, screaming, but the deaf don't hear and the dumb don't speak, and the dead are deaf and dumb. And he saw of a sudden the black shiny boot, the blue serge, and he shot his head up wildly, and the policeman was staring down at him, at his crumpled face, the grey hair in his clutching hands, and the heavy masculine woman with the frozen snarl whose body he sat astride.

*D'Arcy Niland*

Lines for Sputnik

*. . . the enlightened few,*
*Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,*
*The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy*
*Divinely great: they in their powers exult,*
*That wondrous force of thought which mounting spurns*
*This dusky spot and measures all the sky,*
*While from his far excursion through the wilds*
*Of barren ether, faithful to his time,*
*They see the blazing wonder rise anew . . .*

James Thomson, THE SEASONS, 1727

## LINES FOR A MYTH

*Charles Higham*

Daphne, huntress in the glade,
Pursued by the onrushing sun,
Peace and calm reflection made,
Where the wandering stream-birds wade,
Here the night and spirit one.

In Apollo's burning gaze
She was gathered like a loom
Made of all the open days
When she longed in her amaze
For the sweet tremendous doom.

All who could not know the stern
Loop of steel about her heart
Reckoned her more taciturn,
Watched the fleeting tresses burn,
Dismayed must wait the final part,

When wreathed with fame and terror, she
Would turn and turn her star of night
Amid his shaken sky and sea,
And punished, sink the ecstasy
Into a laurel's branches bright.

Tree, oh shining tree of day,
In the sun-occluded grove,
In your shadow I would pray;
Deathless, pass the hours away
In your stillness, in your love.

# THE PARKS OF LONDON

## *WROUGHT-IRON RAILLERY*

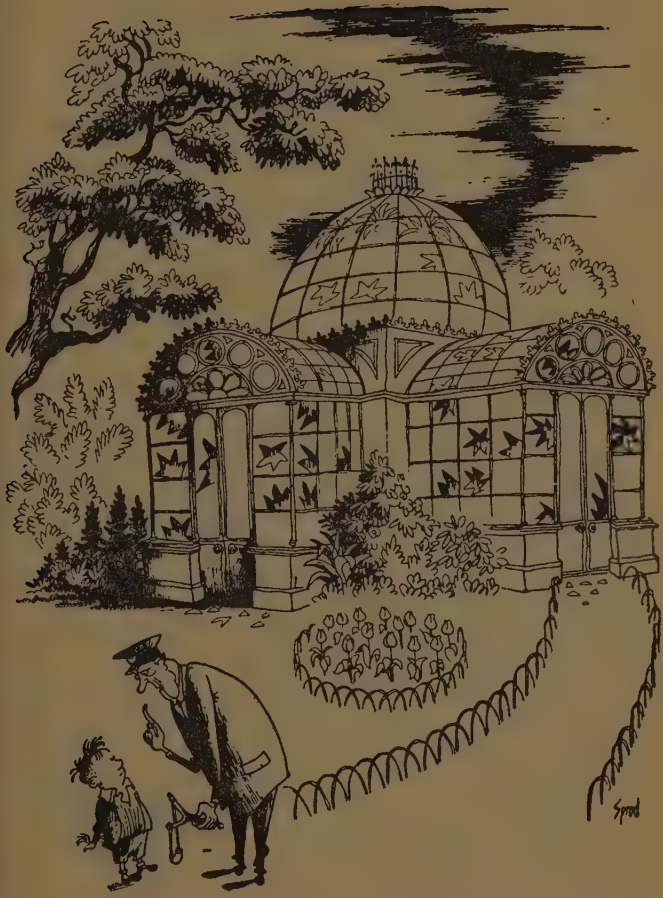
### *G. N. Sprod*

London's a city old and grey
Dotted with greenish patches
Scattered like bits of orange peel
At amateur cricket matches;
These are the parks of London, lads,
Behind whose massive gates
Flourish begonias, birds and beasts,
Supported by the rates.
These are the parks of London, girls;
(Oh Muse inspire my ballad)
Dollops of thwarted real-estate
As lush as lettuce salad.
There's Green, there's Hyde, (one small, one wide)
St James's crammed with wild-life,
While Kensington Gardens teems with dogs
And various forms of child-life;
There's Clapham Common, a scene of crime,
There's Wandsworth, scene of treason,
While Parliament Hill's a bower of love,
(Except in the rainy season.)
There's proud Palladian Regent's Park
And beauteous Primrose Hill
Where shattering lamps affright the ear
And Teddy-boys roam at will . . .
Oh, Finsbury, Battersea, Hampstead Heath,
Oh, Waterlow, Ladywell—
A fully exhaustive catalogue
Would take all day to tell.
So, Good Attendant, fling the gates,
Reveal that leafy treasure,
That we may take without delay
Our semi-rural pleasure.

By courtesy of *Punch*

By courtesy of *Punch*

By courtesy of *Punch*




*'You've contravened a by-law, my little man.'*

By courtesy of *Punch*

*'How about a nice photograph of the four of you?'*

By courtesy of *Punch*

*'. . . and I warn America . . .'*

By courtesy of *Punch*

By courtesy of *Punch*

By courtesy of *Punch*

By courtesy of *Punch*

*"Time, gentlemen, please."*

# THE BACKGROUND OF ROMANTIC THOUGHT

*Herbert Piper*

MOST of my readers—those not engaged in the teaching or study of literature—probably said farewell to the Romantics when they finished reading *The Ancient Mariner* or *The Ode to a Nightingale* at school or early university; if they still read poetry it will probably be contemporary Australian poetry, as a part of Australia's cultural tradition, that interests them. Nevertheless there are still many Romantic elements in Australian culture, often unrecognized and unquestioned and yet serving to mark Australian literature off from the modern European literature which rejected Romanticism at least a generation ago.

That the Australian general reader should uncritically accept the Romantic elements in his country's literature is less surprising than it might seem. Romanticism survived in Europe long after the background of ideas which originally supported it had vanished. Even after the tradition ceased in England, many of its ideas survived here as foundlings unable to give any clear account of their parentage or origins. These ideas have become the staple of a good deal of contemporary Australian writing, though the authors are unaware of the part they originally played in a vanished system of ideas. Take, for instance, the insistence on the importance of the Australian landscape as a subject (sometimes, indeed, as *the* subject) for Australian poets. It is difficult to see any reason why landscape should have this almost religious value for a poet until one traces the idea back to the religious conceptions of Wordsworth and also of Coleridge in his earlier phase, for whom landscape was a direct communication between God and man; and even then the full force of the idea is only felt when these conceptions are set in a background of eighteenth-century thought in which a French naturalist could write that all natural forms were the product of spiritual forces, or an English chemist teach that solid matter was merely energy and that this energy was the direct action of God.'

The same intellectual ancestry and background explains also the importance which so many Australian writers have placed on the 'national' characteristics developed by bush-dwellers who live in close contact with the Australian natural scene.

Here again the logical reason for this is likely to elude an outsider, unless he happens to know that Wordsworth's views on the perfection of those humans who have been shaped by close contact with 'Nature', passed through the novels of the Irishman Maturin, into the Irish Nationalist movement as a defence of Irish National culture, which was at that time a peasant culture. From there it spread to most regional novelists as a theory of *national* characteristics; and 'Australian Literature' has on the whole accepted without much question the idea that a country-bred Australian is more 'Australian' than a city-bred one.

But perhaps the most remarkable example of the survival of Romantic presupposition in Australia came in the last twenty years, in the theory that the culture of the inhabitants of Australia who had been longest in contact with the natural surroundings and who had been most shaped by them, that is the aborigines, had more relevance for Australians than their European cultural inheritance, and that the aboriginal's understanding of nature, expressed in his myths, provided a suitable mythology—an adequate understanding of the world—for poets and readers of wholly European descent. Here again we see the Romantic assumptions that the natural world is divine, that men whose natures are shaped by natural forces and who respond to natural surroundings receive divinely inspired understanding, and that their imaginations are in touch with ultimate reality in a way denied to those who acquire their knowledge less directly from Nature.

*One impulse from a vernal wood*
*Can teach you more of man,*
*Of moral evil and of good,*
*Than all the sages can.*

as Wordsworth put it. Coming one hundred and fifty years after Wordsworth's first poems, and nearly a hundred years after Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, and put forward as a *protest* against European influences, the Jindyworobak Movement is a remarkable example of the longevity of Romantic ideas in Australia.

It is interesting that though most of us are more familiar with Romantic poetry than with any other kind, yet when we are faced with the fundamental ideas on which that kind of poetry is based we cannot regard it as anything but romantic nonsense. Perhaps some of the modern reader's difficulty in taking poetry seriously springs from this fact that he can't take seriously the ideas in the poetry presented to him at school, even though he feels the attractiveness of the poetry itself.

Yet great poetry is not written out of ideas the poet does not believe in: the best poets are very much in earnest and mean everything they say. For this reason it is worthwhile to examine the background against which Romantic poetry was written.

To illustrate my remarks I shall take a poem that most readers would regard as well removed from the world of ideas, Coleridge's poem of marvels and magic, *The Ancient Mariner*. The poem is a very good example of the way in which a great poet can take a set of ideas and theories and transform them into an imaginative world. Romanticism was part of a movement of ideas which affected many fields—biology, chemistry, geology, politics, philosophy and religion as well as literary theory. In some of these fields the ideas are still half alive; in others they have been developed in ways that would have made little appeal to the Romantic poets, who used their theories to affirm and illumine traditional humane values rather than to attack them; in other fields again, particularly in the sciences, the ideas have been completely forgotten. Certainly few readers today recognize them in *The Ancient Mariner*, yet that poem does preserve them, not as a set of theories but as a way of feeling and comprehending the world.

The English Romantic poets believed that the whole universe was a unity and that it possessed qualities of sensitivity, intelligence and purpose. They believed that the universe was divine, that in fact it was God, and they believed that the nature and purpose of the universe could not be grasped by logical reasoning but only by the poetic imagination. This is a very comprehensive creed, with many implications, and it is best examined point by point.

Let us take first the idea that the material universe—what we think of as 'dead matter'—really possesses life, sensitivity and intelligence. This was not only a poetic idea but a serious, and in its day respectable, scientific theory held by a considerable number of important scientists. It was developed in the seventeen-fifties by Diderot, the influential French philosopher, as a theory to explain the development of animal life, which seemed outside the scope of the seventeenth and eighteenth century mechanical theories of matter. Diderot's theory was that each particle of matter was already a sensitive intelligent force, and as atoms and molecules became organized into larger units, so their intelligences and activities ran together like drops of quicksilver to form the intelligence and sensitivity of the large organism: 'From the elephant to the flea, from the flea to the living sensitive molecule, there is not a point in all nature

that does not suffer and rejoice.' Readers will recognize the Wordsworthian note in Diderot's rhapsody, and the theory is one that we would classify as 'poetry' rather than science, but it was widely taken up, in some form or other by leading biologists, chemists and even geologists—in England, for instance, by Erasmus Darwin, Joseph Priestley and James Hutton, each the leading man in his field. Its reflection in *The Ancient Mariner* can be seen in those spirits which animate the dead bodies of the seamen and work the ship on its homeward voyage. Coleridge was a devoted follower of Joseph Priestley, both in religion and in chemistry, and these spirits are representations of the natural forces which Priestley regarded as being behind the natural phenomena of electricity (including atmospheric electricity and galvanism), light, heat and flame (or phlogiston). The spirits are heralded by a display of the Northern Lights, already recognized as an electrical phenomena, they arrive in the wind, they galvanize the limbs of the corpses,

> *Beneath the lightning and the moon*
> *The dead men gave a groan.*
> *They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose*
> . . . . . .
> *They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—*
> *We were a ghastly crew.*

In the earliest version they show themselves as flame, and at the last they appear as 'seraph-men, all light'. Coleridge's description of these in the gloss as Neo-platonic spirits does not affect this interpretation for Priestley had already used the Neo-platonists to illustrate his view that all nature consisted of points of force, and Coleridge had interested himself in this part of Priestley's theory some years before he wrote *The Ancient Mariner*.

The next point of the Romantic faith, that the universe was God, is a corollary of the first. If matter is sensitive and intelligent, and if these qualities join in organisms to make a larger intelligence, then, the whole universe as a unity, must have its own all-embracing intelligence, and, as Diderot pointed out, it must be God. This again, is hardly a theory that we would classify as science, but it was adopted in a very thorough way by Priestley, who made it the foundation of the religious system which he originated, Unitarianism. In his theory, all nature consisted of points of force: these forces and the larger organisms they formed themselves into, were the component parts of the Infinite Mind and all natural forces were the direct action of God. Coleridge's early poems contain many references

to these 'monads of the Infinite Mind', and it is not surprising that in *The Ancient Mariner* natural forces from the Pole to the Tropics have parts to play in the Mariner's spiritual redemption.

The next part of the Romantic faith follows on very closely. If the universe is intelligent and divine, then it will have some purpose in mind, and this purpose will be worked out by natural forces. The particular attraction of this part of the theory lies in the fact that the exact nature of this purpose is anyone's guess, and so anyone who held the theory could, so to speak, 'write his own ticket'. The biologists claimed that the purpose was evolution—hence Erasmus Darwin's interest in it. Anyone who reads pre-Darwinian books of popular science will soon realize that Darwin's offence was removing the idea of *purpose* from evolution. The recent Russian attempt to rehabilitate Lamarckian genetics was an effort to put the clock back to the intellectual climate in which 'progressivist' theories were born. The politicians saw history as moving to an Utopian full stop; the French Revolutionary, Volney, thought that the purpose was universal happiness and the decay of the State. while his fellow scientist and politician, Carras, thought it was the establishment of republican governments. This was a period of Utopias by natural processes; Godwin thought that the progress of reason would produce a classless, propertyless society and the decay of the State; and, of course, Marx a little later, thought that the same result would be produced by economic forces. Theories of this political-scientific type can be seen in Shelley's *Queen Mab*, written under the influence of French revolutionary and radical thinkers.

Nevertheless, the oddest and most interesting form of these theories was a religious one, originated by Joseph Priestley, and adopted in all its startling detail by Coleridge himself. For them the end towards which all natural forces, chemical, geological or human, were working was the Millennium, the thousand year rule of the Saints on earth, and the stage now reached was that at which

*The Lamb of God hath opened the fifth seal.*

The next event was to be the overthrow of all empires by the French Revolution. After this God's mercies would further reveal themselves in a series of volcanic earthquakes which would produce the more horrifying events prophesied in *Revelations* and depopulate the earth. This would be followed by the Resurrection of the Dead and the establishment of the Millennium. Coleridge preached this doctrine in gruesome detail in *Religious Musings* and *The Departing Year.*

At the same time Coleridge read up volcanic action in Erasmus Darwin's curious scientific poem *The Botanic Garden*, a melange of scientific 'facts' in heroic couplets with notes. Among the scientific misinformation he found there was a description of the Harmattan, a poisonous wind or mist of volcanic origin, through the suspended particles of which the sun appeared 'only at noon' and then 'of the colour of blood'. That is why

> *All in a hot and* COPPER *sky*
> *The bloody sun at noon*
> *Right up above the mast did stand*
> *No bigger than the moon.*

The heat of the Harmattan was such that it killed fish in the sea, which was covered with putrefying shoals, and another part of Darwin's poem, describing the electric eels which throw off 'mimic lightings' as they swim, tells how putrefying fish-slime produces phosphorescence. Thus there is a chain of ideas linking the wrath of the Divine Mind at the Mariner's crime, through his purgation in the heat of the copper, volcanic sky and the blood-red sun, down to the death-fires when 'the very deep did rot' and the phosphorescence in which the water-snakes move.

There is, nevertheless, one great difference between Priestley's millennial theories and *The Ancient Mariner*: in the poem the forces of nature are not concerned to produce an historical revolution, but only with the salvation of a single individual. This change in the scheme was the result of Coleridge's intimacy with Wordsworth, and it marks the most important way in which the beliefs of the English Romantic poets differed from the scientific and political theories I have been describing. Wordsworth believed intensely in the divinity of Nature and in the shaping power of natural forces, but he was also a mystic. As a result of his mystical experiences he believed that the man who submits himself to nature will find a strange beauty and that this beauty will lead him to recognize the life, purpose and divinity of all nature and to love all forms of being. He had just written, in a poem which was one of Coleridge's favourites at the time,

> *he who feels contempt*
> *For any living thing, hath faculties*
> *Which he hath never used.*

That faculty which sees the spiritual aspects of the natural world, Coleridge named the Imagination.

When the Mariner slew the albatross he had shown just such contempt for living things, and the whole purpose of his purgation

is to awaken his Imagination (in the Wordsworthian sense of that word). When he feels the beauty of the water-snakes, that awakening begins and from that point, in his trance, he finds the natural world full of spiritual presences. It was the spirit from the land of mist and snow who brought the ship to the Line (a representation of meteorological forces); other spirits arrange its passage north; the Mariner hears the song of the spirits that have galvanized the corpses; and so he comes to realize the nature of the physical world and to recognize that

*He prayeth best who loveth best*
*All things both great and small.*

What the Mariner's voyage brings him is a recognition of the Romantic view of the Universe.

My purpose has been to suggest that Romantic poetry, even at its most romantic, was more intellectually serious than we usually think it, and that it expresses the 'world-view' of its period. The decline of Romanticism first began when the later development of those ideas began to take a direction away from any view of the world which could be poetically satisfying. As the later nineteenth century began to interpret the world purely in terms of development and to say, in effect, that whatever develops is right,* it left no room for the imagination, or indeed for any values whatsoever. English Victorian poetry was immeasurably weakened by the conflict between naturalistic and imaginative views of the world while their contemporaries in France had to take the desperate measure of rejecting the generally accepted world altogether in favour of the closed personal world of their own imaginative experience.

English Romantic poetry was successful because it achieved a synthesis between points of view that have become for us utterly irreconcilable. It is still of interest because, I think, certain elements of Romanticism cannot be kept out of English poetry for long. A clearer understanding of the nature of the Romantic synthesis may enable us to decide just what parts of it we can take seriously, instead of trying to build our literary culture on a few come-by-chance decaying fragments of what was once a living belief.

*Herbert Piper*

* Mr Isaiah Berlin has pointed out to me in conversation that another and earlier form of this idea that any *natural* development is necessarily good can be traced from Rousseau, through later eighteenth century philosophers such as Helvetius, to the work of the Marquis de Sade, who took the idea about as far as it can be taken. The typical Romantic form of this, in which wild nature (including wild human nature) is preferred to tame or conventional, seems also to survive in Australia in recent treatments of the Ned Kelly story, or even in animal stories such as *Man-shy*.

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# PROBLEMS OF TRADE UNIONISM

## THE AUSTRALIAN RAILWAYS UNION

*Lloyd Ross*

THE Australian Railways Union, which in five States is the largest government transport union, illustrates a series of problems that are of interest to political scientists and should be of concern to members of the community in general. These problems may be posed in the form of questions:—Are issues of industrial relations different in this government industry from those in private industry? Does either State ownership or the existence of State Labor Governments create special difficulties? What are the Union's political views and allegiances—with what effect on labour relations? Has the industry contributed any new constructive ideas to the study of labour relations?

The ARU is a federation of five State unions. Western Australia remains outside, partly because the State employees are covered only by State awards, partly because distance has weakened any feeling of common outlook, partly because the local union has regarded with suspicion the political conflicts or alliances of the East. Although composition varies in the different States, the ingredients of the NSW Branch of the Union are typical enough for the purposes of this analysis—a majority of wage employees, especially traffic and permanent way workers, who are not covered by competing craft unions; a majority of cleaners; a minority of drivers and firemen, who otherwise belong to the Australian Federated Union of Locomotive Employees; a majority of clerical workers and salaried officers in the lower paid grades, tapering off to a minority as the employee ascends in grade; a majority of Railway Refreshment Room employees, there being a minority in the Hotel, Club and Restaurant Employees' Union; a majority of lower paid, unskilled and semi-skilled employees in the railway workshops, but only a minority of skilled men, who usually belong to their appropriate craft unions; almost all permanent way employees in the government tramways, and a substantial membership in the tram and bus workshops. Competitors in the field are the craft unions, and another industrial union, the National Union of Railwaymen. The latter, a product of the 1917 strike, is regarded as being outside official trade union organization, and is more a scavenger than a genuine union.

Membership of the ARU in New South Wales fluctuates between 25,000 and 30,000. Australian membership amounts to over 60,000. Union dues are £3 10s. 0d. a year for adult males, a reduced rate being paid by females, juniors and casuals.

Indirect representation is the only form of democratic government for such a union. Although there are unions with members scattered throughout the State which in their rules give important powers to a meeting, this form of 'primitive democracy' would work in an anti-democratic way in the ARU. Half the membership is situated in the country; shift and weekend work makes it impossible for all members to attend a meeting at the one time; and there is no hall that could hold them anyhow. Also there is always a danger that policy and methods could be unfairly weighted in favour of the concentrations of membership and against the scattered and country members.

In the railway industry, mobility of men through the service and along the railway tracks is an important factor in developing unity of outlook, although housing shortages limit such mobility.

An administrator who travels around as I do, or who keeps in touch with the membership by discussing problems with organizers in the field, by reading samples of correspondence, and by encouraging members to hold meetings and influence union policy, may get a 'sense of the union'. But this is not easy, especially in a period when apathy is deep.

Throughout the Union, Communist influence is powerful, either directly through recognized Party members or indirectly, through those who consistently accept Communist views on political and economic problems. The General President and Victorian State Secretary is J. J. Brown, an acknowledged Communist, who has held office continuously for many years, except during one short period when the Industrial Groupers gained control in Victoria. The General Secretary is M. O'Brien, who is not a Communist Party member, but who has consistently supported Communist policy along its many zig-zags, and has not developed an alternative view on any important issue. The Tasmanian Secretary is a Communist. Until recently, Queensland was opposed to the policies and personnel of the Labor Party, but is now more royal than the king—or rather the heir apparent. South Australia is anti-Grouper, and anti-anti-Communist; being militant without application and Labor without principles, it fills the vacuum with Communist policies. The result is that New South Wales is the only State Branch which openly and consistently opposes Communism and endeavours to find a Labor and democratic solution.

In normal times Communists do not influence the industrial policy of the NSW Branch. Politically, each State determines its own attitude; as do the Branches at the State Labor Councils. Even at the ACTU Conferences, the State Branch delegations reserve the right to determine their own policies—especially as affiliation fees are paid by the States. The main disability felt by New South Wales is that, although it is the largest State and pays the largest contribution to the Federal organization, it has no representative on the Federal Executive, is outvoted on every issue where political views are applied, and is conscious of the fact that the rest of the States have consistently opposed New South Wales.

The NSW Branch has been saved from domination by the fact that the Union is a federation, not a unitary organization. Contributions are collected by the States, who pay a percentage to the Federal body. Donations are made mainly through the States. There is no Federal organizer; there is only one full-time Federal officer, the General Secretary. Monthly journals are published in four States. Rules limit the powers of the State and Federal bodies. Although the tendency in all unions is for power to move to the central organization, such a development could be disastrous in the ARU. Not only would it place the largest State Branch under the domination of Communists and their Labor supporters, but also the Federal constitution centres around a single officer, who is not yet elected by the membership, who is not yet subject to regular elections and who is not even influenced by currents of rank-and-file opinion. He has no direct responsibility for collecting the contributions—a significant link between the Executive and the members, particularly in New South Wales. He has no direct link with the job representatives, who in New South Wales are kept continuously informed on union affairs by circulars, leaflets and correspondence. At best he has a channel of communication by way of regularly elected State officers; at worst, this channel is clogged by bureaucracy and political bias.

A serious weakness arises from the apathy of the membership towards their financial and democratic responsibilities. Only a bare majority are financial; a still smaller number participate in union activities. This problem of rank-and-file apathy in union affairs is not, of course, limited to the ARU. It is a common problem in Australia and overseas. But such apathy makes things difficult for a union leadership which not only believes that democratic activity is a safeguard against minority authoritarian movements, but also recognizes that the difficulties

of the industry can be overcome only by the application of democratic ideals and procedure, both within the industry and within the union.

The railway industry in New South Wales—and in Australia—is spiralling downwards into defeatism, inefficiency, bankruptcy. The New South Wales railway deficit last year was a record, and despite drastic and frenzied attempts to cut costs (and services) the 1956-57 deficit will probably be as great. Worker morale is low—possibly not so low as it was in the closing stages of the Winsor regime, when the press was exaggerating every derailment and delay, but so low that the employees meet with cynicism appeals for co-operation in improving the efficiency, safety and finances of the industry. The Government's £100,000 enquiry by Ebasco is likely to repeat proposals already made by railway administrators, or to be lost in gigantic capital expenditure requirements, or merely to stifle thinking in high-sounding words. Passenger traffic continues to decline; goods traffic fails to meet the competition of the road. There is no sign that any official authority has a set of proposals or the will to implement proposals. The present aspects of union apathy reflect the depressed state of the industry.

Membership is frustrated by the continuing depression in railway finances and by the difficulty in convincing members that it is possible to obtain an improvement in their working conditions by arbitration, conciliation, or joint consultation. When overtime was extensive, men were not only too tired by long hours, not only found their leisure time shortened, but developed a cynical attitude towards the appeals of labour unity and solidarity. Overtime payments poisoned the relationship of man and man with union—although the union recognized that standards could be improved or even maintained by overtime payments. In the government industries, the unskilled and semi-skilled workers lost hopes of obtaining improvements, except by overtime payments, and not always then. The Court froze the wages of lower paid workers; in some States quarterly adjustments were restored. But the difficulty, almost impossibility of obtaining over-award payments in a period when staff was short, was not overcome, whether the leadership was Labor or Communist.

The employee is disillusioned that so little seems to be done to rehabilitate the industry and is disappointed that the Union has not succeeded in forcing an alteration in official policies. He resists the apparent contradictions between restriction of rosters, displacement of staff, reduction of overtime because

business is falling, and the difficulties in getting holidays and the refusal of long service leave. He is irritated into exclamations, 'What is the Union doing?' but is unwilling to attend union meetings where the problems may be discussed, alternatives for action may be examined, and the executive be in a position to estimate the unity and power of the membership. Proposals for twenty-four hour stoppages have been put forward in the railway workshops, but even these are fading in popularity, partly because the employees doubt whether these would have any influence on policy, partly because they become the occasion for the stale repetition by Communists and fellow-travellers of unrealistic proposals.

I move now to a consideration of two sets of issues: the further problems and responsibilities of a union in the New South Wales Railways, today, under a Labor Government; and an outline of the proposals of the New South Wales State Branch of the ARU.

If Labor regards the advancement of democratic socialism as a challenge, and if nationalization of some industries is an essential (or important) aspect of democratic socialism, then special attention should be given by Labor to the key issue of rehabilitating the transport industry by the methods of democratic socialism. Only this Union is attempting to do this. The Government seems concerned merely with the drain of railway losses upon the State Budget. It is incidentally interested in the loss of rail revenue, the competition of road with rail, the destruction of roads, and the decentralization of industry. But there is no sign of a co-ordinated approach to the problem, such as one might expect from a Party that has raised afresh the banner of socialism, a Party whose Executive was recently attempting to separate the Socialists from the Groupers.

An official of the ARU has responsibilities first to his membership, who have elected him to his position and who look to him for guidance and assistance in improving their working conditions and protecting their rights as employees of a government transport service; secondly to the industry—its safety, efficiency and prosperity—since the weakening of the industry could weaken the position of employees, and since the industry is a State concern; next to the Government since the Union is affiliated to the Labor Party; and finally to the community, a duty which includes the protection of Australian democracy.

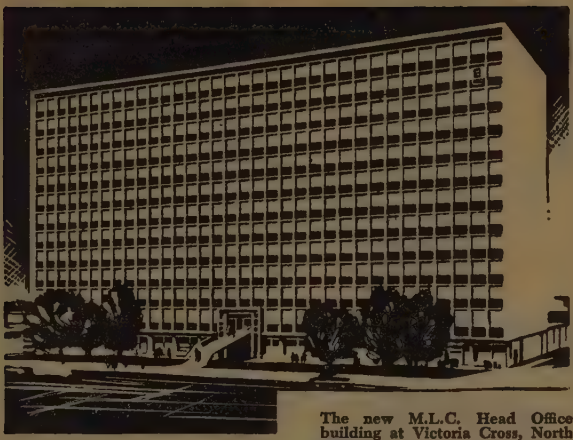
The basic responsibility of a union is to its membership—the defence and improvement of working conditions, the protection of members from victimization and dismissal, and

from injury. There are some who believe that these aims contain the only responsibility of a union; that a union should use its power to win as high wages as possible, and employ whatever means are at its disposal, whatever the consequences. By contrast, the problem of the union official (or the union) who recognizes some responsibilities to his political party, especially when that party is governing, and to the community in general is very difficult. He must reconcile these wider responsibilities with his primary responsibility to the membership. This is all the harder because this primary responsibility is in the sphere where his power is greatest, while the wider responsibilities and dominant conditions are beyond the direct power and influence of the leadership. A union official who felt that continuous wage rises were endangering the economy and who, therefore, abstained from making demands would find not only that his members would engage in unofficial strikes, but also that their standards would be lowered, relatively by increases obtained by others, and absolutely by rising prices.

Take two examples that have been placed before me. Confronted with a request for an increase in railway wages, the Premier some years ago said that since his revenue was limited, an increase of wages to the amount of £1,000,000 would mean £1,000,000 less for education or health. 'Did we want this?' Not long ago, a Minister for Transport said to me unofficially that our campaign for better conditions was jeopardizing the stability of the industry. 'Did we want the industry bankrupt?'

The main way in which the Union has attempted to reconcile the theories which are implied in this article with the problems that have been outlined is by formulating a plan for the rehabilitation of the industry.

We are not prepared to accept reductions in the standards of our members for the purpose of advancing this programme, but we have indicated our willingness to meet the Railway Department in continuous consultation for the purpose of meeting the problems of the industry. We support the unification of gauges, and we believe that the railways should enter into an aggressive competition with road transport. We believe that Section 92 should be altered so that the States can obtain some control over road transport, but we emphasize that the real contribution that the Union can make to the solution of the problems of the industry and of the Union in relation to the industry is by the development of techniques of joint consultation. This is not only a technique, it is an important principle by which difficulties can be resolved. *Lloyd Ross*



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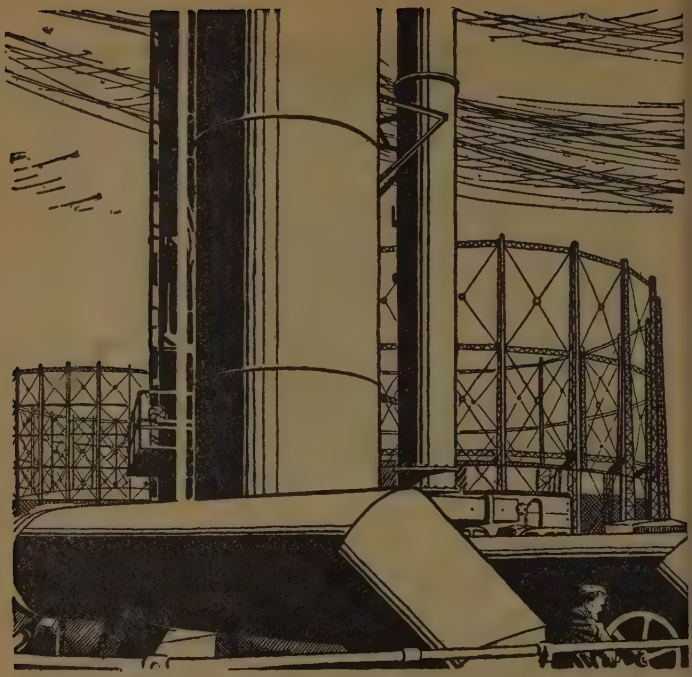

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## IT PAYS TO USE GAS

# THE BASTARD FROM THE BUSH

*H. A. Lindsay*

DURING the past five years I have met many young American scientists who have come to Australia on Fulbright or similar research grants. As soon as they found that I had written *The Bushman's Handbook*, nearly all said eagerly: 'Say, have you got a copy of that Aussie poem, *The Bastard From the Bush*?'

When I inquired why they wanted it, all assured me that anyone who had a new obscene poem to recite would be extremely popular in America at what they call 'stag parties', to which women are not admitted.

It appeared that American servicemen who were here during the war picked up odd verses of it but nobody had yet secured the complete poem. To judge by the fragments which were known, they were of the opinion that it would rank equal to those other masterpieces of obscenity, *The Ball at Kerrymuir*, *Abraham the Sailor* and the parody of that song so popular with the drawing-room baritones of sixty years ago, *Kafoozalem.*

I had to tell them that once long ago I had heard the *B from the B* recited, but now I could recall only those verses which they already knew. Obviously, they must be the ones which lingered in the memory. I did make some attempts to get the rest but all the usual sources, such as commercial travellers, barmen and old bush mates, proved barren except for those four well-known verses.

Then the same query came from a man of a very different type, who had come to Australia to see what he could unearth in the way of folk-lore. He told me that these obscene poems have a considerable value as literature, for they are the most ancient of all forms of fiction. Most of the tales of primitive peoples have similar themes.

Archaeologists have unearthed numerous examples of them, notably on the walls of public conveniences and brothels in Pompeii. More, in prose form, can be found in Burton's translation of the *Thousand and One Nights*. It is indeed remarkable how some of these stories and poems which we know today show no essential change from the graffiti which Greeks and Romans scribbled two thousand and more years ago.

This put a different aspect on the matter, so I sent out an appeal through the *Bulletin*, although the late W. E. FitzHenry

assured me that he tried at least a score of times in the past to get the full poem, without result.

As I expected, about a dozen people were good enough to respond by sending me copies of the verses which were well known, but I also struck pay-dirt in the form of a long letter from a TPI Digger of the First World War. He began by saying that Henry Lawson had been a cobber of his late father. Then came some surprising information.

*The Bastard From the Bush* was *not* a parody on Lawson's *Captain of the Push*, as is generally supposed. Henry Lawson wrote the obscene version himself and circulated copies among his friends. Later, wanting some money in a hurry, he toned it down considerably and it was published under the title of *The Captain of the Push*, and so appears in his collected work.

My correspondent went on to say that exactly the same thing had happened in the case of *The Shearer's Dream*; Lawson had first written an unprintable version, then later the one which is so well-known today.

He enclosed all he could remember of the *B from the B*, nine verses of the original thirteen. Here is as much of it as can be printed. The first two verses differ little from the opening of *The Captain of the Push:*

*As night was falling slowly down*
*on city, town and bush,*
*From a slum in Jones's Alley*
*came the Captain of the Push.*
*Then his whistle, loud and piercing,*
*woke the echoes of The Rocks,*
*And a dozen ghouls came slouching*
*round the corners of the blocks.*

*Now the Captain jerked a finger*
*at a stranger on the kerb,*
*Whom he qualified politely*
*with an adjective and verb.*
*Then he made the introduction:*
*'Here's a covey from the bush.*
*Strike me blind, he wants to join us,'*
*said the Captain of the Push.*

The response of the stranger is to introduce himself as 'So-and-So Fred, the Bastard from the Bush'. He claims to have been in 'Every two-up school, from Wagga to the Loo'. After mentioning some other exploits, he inquires: 'What more can a bastard do?' Incidentally, this is one of the four verses many people know.

The Captain, however, is not satisfied. He inquires if the candidate is game to smash a window. 'I'd knock the ——— house down!' said the Bastard from the Bush. Three more questions are asked, ending with the best-known lines of all:

*'Would you have a Moll to keep you;*
*would you swear off work for good?'*
*Said the Bastard: 'My colonial*
*silver-mounted oath I would!'*

Now convinced of the candidate's worthiness as a larrikin, the Captain offers him a cigarette. 'I'll take this ——— packet!' said the Bastard from the Bush.

*Then the Pushites all took council,*
*saying '——— me, but he's game!*
*Let's make him our star basher,*
*he'll live up to his name.'*

But in the following verses, which are the four missing ones, the Bastard proves too tough for even a push of Sydney larrikins. Finally they gang up on him, but he gets his back against a wall and beats them, 'A bike-chain in each hand'. The sorely battered leader of the attack says finally:

*'You low, polluted bastard!'*
*howled the Captain of the Push.*
*'Get back where your sort belongs—*
*that's somewhere in the bush.'*

The rest of the poem is taken up with a list of the misfortunes which the Captain hopes will overtake the B from the B, of which the only printable line is: 'May corns grow on your feet'.

When I handed a copy of those nine verses to the American scholar, he hailed them as a great find. 'All this is completely original,' he exclaimed. 'Nothing to compare with it in my entire collection.' He was good enough to let me go through the examples which he had brought with him—all written in Latin to avoid confiscation by the Customs—and it was so.

Just what Henry Lawson would say if he was still with us, I don't know, but probably he never dreamed that a poem written originally to entertain his men friends would be regarded as a classic of its type in America one day.

That scholar returned to the USA last year. Since then he has written twice, inquiring if I have yet discovered those four missing verses. I haven't and, unless this article brings them to light, I shall have to inform him that they now appear to be numbered among the world's irreparable literary losses.

*H. A. Lindsay*

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# WESTWARDS THE COURSE

## IMPRESSIONS OF PORTUGAL AND BRAZIL

*O. H. K. Spate*

MOTHER and daughter have a clear family likeness, and much the same emotional and rhetorical temperament; but they live in different worlds. The mother can never forget her past, the leap from mediaeval modesty to leading lady on the theatre of the world, when both the Indias of spice and mine were her playthings. Since then she has had her troubles, penury even, but now *en seconds noces*, she has settled down to a neat bourgeois existence. But the daughter—what a wench! young as she is, she has had some lively times, but they are nothing to the future she promises herself. . . . She is sentimental about the old home, now and then, but of course it always was poky. As for what Mother thinks, naturally she is proud of her splendid if unpredictable daughter's dazzling prospects, but looks a little askance at her manners—at bottom perhaps

*In the little country cottage*
*Where her aged parents live*
*Though they drink champagne she sends them*
*Yet they never can forgive.*

Most of this, after all, would apply also to Britain and the United States. . . .

It is of course rash and unfair to generalize after a fortnight or so in each country. I can only plead that training as a human geographer fosters a lively eye for significant detail; and, more specifically, that a long devotion to Lusian culture had given me a reasonably full background for the montage of these detached impressionistic *Reisebilder* of two countries which share a great cultural tradition, but whose physical and social environments are starkly dissimilar. For what it is worth, the general impression is of a contrast between a vigorous democracy, somewhat turbulent and raffish, and a police state, respectable as police states go, but still not a free country.

The Portugal of the ordinary British stereotype—scruffy, picturesquely inefficient, in a word 'Dago'—is simply not there: the country is to all appearance nearly as well run as Holland, and one cannot well say more! This is presumably the achievement of Salazar. No doubt there is plenty of poverty in Oporto

slums, in isolated little factory towns, in the mountain valleys and the dry plains of the south, and these the casual visitor cannot well see. But I am bound to say that the countryside I did see, the country of vines and pine forests, wool and olives, between Coimbra and the Tagus, bore many tokens of a surprising if modest prosperity. And yet it seems that only the past, whether mediaeval or Renaissance, has greatness; Portuguese modernity is mediocre.

Mediaeval Portugal was a well-knit state served by monarchs well above the average in spirit and competence. What other country could produce an Alfred the Great with his hair let down? A strange conception indeed, but incarnated in Dom Diniz, the founder of the Navy and the University, the planter of the waste lands on the old Moorish frontier and of the still-existing pine forest of Leiria, a rampart against shifting dunes and an arsenal of marine stores; and yet in the midst of more than the usual activities of a mediaeval (and merry) monarch finding time to write the most ravishing love-lyrics. One feels some of the spirit of this Portugal in the serenity of Batalha, the 'Battle Abbey' built (in the loveliest Gothic I have ever seen) to commemorate Aljubarrota, in which John of Gaunt's men helped to maintain independence from Castile; or again in Alcobaça, where Dom Pedro and his lover Inez de Castro lie on high marble tombs not side by side but feet to feet, so that on the Last Day each shall see the beloved's face first of all things. A hundred years ago the great historian Alexandre Herculano pointed out that the decadence was inherent in the very nature of the Golden Age of the Discoveries; yet its expression in Manueline architecture, with its rioting ornamentation of marine and patriotic motifs, has undeniable *panache*; and there was a last rally in Pombal's replanning of central Lisbon after the 1755 earthquake. Portugal has of course some good modern buildings, including the only church I have seen which was at once absolutely modern and not self-conscious about it; but the great new quarters which encircle Lisbon are of a dullness which owes nothing to tradition but much to official care. And this seems to run through much of Portuguese cultural life. Perhaps because the modern version of the Philosopher as King is the Professor (of Economics at that) as Dictator?

One must admit that at no time since the Napoleonic wars has Portugal managed to combine liberty and order for more than a few years at a time; that the workers, though exploited, probably now get more social services than ever before; that

Kingsley Martin's statement that Portugal 'enjoyed' civil liberty under the Republic is a desperately unhappy formula for twenty-five years of putsches. Nevertheless one senses a malaise; almost the physical depression of a flat humid calm. Where a dozen or so Lisbon citizens are gathered together, there seems always to be a policeman at hand. The newspapers speak with one monotonous voice; not the democracies behind which they shelter but Portugal and Spain (in a minor role) are the real defenders of Western civilization; and the best of all possible states is the corporative state in which ordinary people need not bother with the responsibilities of running public affairs. Coupled with rhetoric to this effect are pathetic complaints that nobody does bother to take any interest in affairs, the interest permitted being voting in very minor guild elections and the like.

The Church? frankly I do not know. The Portuguese system has been described as 'Fascism in the Name of Jesus', a label which seems inaccurate. There is little of the mass apparatus of Fascism proper; the state is highly authoritarian rather than totalitarian in the total sense. It is of course next to impossible for an outsider to be able to assess such intangibles as the extent to which religious feeling enters daily life; but 'Fascism in the Name of Jesus' hardly squares, for example, with the barracks radio playing dance music while the Sunday morning service was still on in the adjacent church. It is true that I was anxiously asked: 'Do the Orders play a great part in Australian culture?' When I recovered I gave a synopsis of that revealing work *Benedictine Pioneers in Australia* and of the current state of the ALP. There are plenty of books of pietistic morality and—literally—Cook's Tours to Fatima; but, paradoxically enough, one gets the impression that the temper of the country is a good old-fashioned belief in bourgeois progress, not far removed from a mediocre materialism.

Bookshops are perhaps as good a rough index of cultural vitality as any. Those of Rio de Janeiro are reasonably well organized, with a very wide range of stock, very lively and very crowded. In Lisbon the better bookshops seemed to have almost more foreign than Portuguese literature—but not always foreign literature of a high order—and the only decent arrangement seemed to be reserved for series of translated French and American thrillers; elsewhere was chaos. I asked in one of the most reputable booksellers in Lisbon for a good history of Portugal—'and I don't mean Ameal', this being a work so intensely chauvinist that one cannot but suspect conscious

distortion (its propagandist rhetoric was awarded the Herculano Prize, surely causing that ruggedly honest and superbly masculine writer to turn in his grave). They had nothing in stock, but could get me one if I called next day. It turned out to be four little paper-backs of about one hundred and twenty-five pages each, without a trace of documentation or even a reading-list—good in a way, the way of the popular introduction, with here and there a between-the-lines hint of dissatisfaction with the regimentation of thought, a hankering for the days of disorder . . . and at least some freedom. In Brazil on the other hand there are many excellent historical and sociological works, with plenty of pride and faith in the country but also with acute and far-reaching criticism of the national temper and polity.

After the bookshops, the walls: slogans, posters, placards. Despite a wealth of highly eligible sites, in Portugal I saw only one wall inscription—SALAZAR—and that had been half-scrubbed out. But Central Lisbon was plastered with broadsheets denouncing the 'backward and adventurous people' of India—all suspiciously alike in styling, and signally failing to give the impression which it is not uncharitable to suppose was desired, of a spontaneous upsurge of popular feeling. (Incidentally, the more outrageous utterances of Nehru and the more firm and dignified statements of Salazar, had been printed in red ink, which had naturally faded to produce the appearance of censored blanks.) In Brazil every wall has its slogan—Down with the President, Long Live the President, Shoot the Profiteers, Hang the Reds, Antonio Ferreira for Councillor, Buy at Oliveira's and (best of all) Abaixo a Golpe—Down with the Coup d'Etat (past, present, or future? this was in the sleepy country town of Ouro Preto, which has however a history of 'movements' going back to 1787).

As for the Brazilian Press, no greater contrast with the staid and regimented Portuguese journals could be imagined; the Brazilian papers are much more up-to-date technically, full of supplements and features, most of them agin the Government and quite uninhibited about it. The politics of Rio seemed not dissimilar to those of Sydney, if more colourful: one felt quite at home with impending failure of the city's supplies of milk, water and bread, due of course to restrictive producers, conscienceless middlemen, and municipal mismanagement. The President's morbid love of publicity had led to a dastardly outrage on the dignity of the nation—a published photograph of him shaving (in dressing-gown, admittedly) with a W.C. faintly visible in the background; juiciest of all scandals, the

Vice-President had been named by the Argentine Commission of Enquiry as having taken hard cash from Peron for electoral purposes. . . . To judge from the Press alone, Brazil is violent, unbalanced, messy, rhetorical, openly corrupt, but blazingly dynamic; Portugal ordered, tidy, still rhetorical, at least not overtly corrupt, and intellectually asleep.

In all this of course due regard should be paid to Brazil's enormously greater resources: almost exactly the size of Australia, with a humid desert in Amazonia corresponding to the dry desert in Australia, and with a strikingly similar lay-out in the developed south-east, where the arrangement of relief and climate and geology is such that some landscapes are almost indistinguishable from, say, interior Queensland; but with four and a half centuries of a most diversified history and fifty million people of the most diverse stocks and social attributes. Already in 1822 the Prince Regent of Brazil, Dom Pedro, bluntly told his father in Lisbon that since Portugal was a state of the fourth and Brazil of the first class, they could not remain united unless Portugal were to be a dependency of Brazil: a point he sufficiently proved by becoming first Emperor of Brazil, and later abdicating to return to Portugal and lead the constitutional forces to victory in a hard-fought civil war. Incidentally the half-century of the Empire gave Brazil the inestimable gift of stability relatively to the other Republics of Latin America: with a Braganza on the throne, it was not open to disgruntled magnates to reflect that they were of as old a family as the President and had as many retainers, so why not seize the Presidency? The Empire fell at last because the emancipation of the slaves alienated really conservative opinion, while ideologically it was too close to its opponents to oppose them with any vigour. With an estimable bourgeois liberal as Emperor, why not have a real Republic and save the expense? a calculation which was not perhaps too well founded.

One need not go into detail over the more familiar features of Brazilian life: the national history and psychology of boom and slump, the incredible physical diversity of the people, the practical absence of a colour bar except in some higher reaches of the Services, the exhilarating architecture, the divertingly overt expression of the sexual instinct (in marked contrast to the official prudery of Portugal), the violent contrasts of primitivity and poverty (certainly more obvious than in Portugal) with sophisticated luxury, of *o sertao e a cidade*—a phrase which corresponds exactly to Bush and City. Perhaps the last is best seen in Belo Horizonte, the capital of Minas Gerais State,

founded in 1897 and now with over half a million people. Without the magnificence of Sao Paulo, it is very up-and-coming architecturally—the noise of building fills its mathematically gridded streets, and skyscrapers of the newest brand cluster thickly in its centre. But along these very streets little temporarily rented shops advertise The Champion Faster of Brazil, The Largest Python Ever, The Human-Headed Monster —the bush is not so far away after all. But twelve or fifteen miles around the scrub is already gridded for the roads of the suburbs to be built in the next boom.

Sixty miles away is the old State capital Ouro Preto, a sleepy little town which has been declared a National Mounment in its entirety: a lost gem of eighteenth century Iberia, dotted with lovely little Baroque churches which include some of the masterpieces of O Aleijadinho, a mulatto, born a slave, who in a long life (1738-1814) for much of which he was half-crippled, produced in this frontier town perhaps the finest religious art to come from the New World—statues in steatite and polychrome wood of astonishing realism, raciness, and vivid dramatic temper. Here in 1787 occurred the first movement against Portuguese rule, the Inconfidência, an abortive conspiracy of lawyers and poets with perhaps only one leader of the stuff of which real rebels are made, the Army Ensign Tiradentes. He was hanged, the rest shipped to Angola; and in the memorial hall in the nobly simple Courthouse built by Aleijadinho's father the engaging but often slightly absurd Brazilian exuberance in matters monumental is for once forgotten. The remains of the conspirators rest in plain granite boxes; and behind the empty sarcophagus of Tiradentes hangs the banner of the Inconfidência with its motto: LIBERTAS QUAE SERA TAMEN.

And back to Portugal for a last word: from the disorderly progress of a country not at all certain of where it is going but joyously conscious of being on the move into an exciting future, to ordered, all-too-ordered, Progress. It takes about a day and a half to be completely subjugated by the agreeable Lisbon habit of taking a *cafezinho*—and another and another—under the trees of the broad Avenida da Liberdade. It is all very pleasant; and very depressing to reflect on the absence of liberty. Better, far better, to be back in the chill austerity before Tiradentes' cenotaph, in a country no doubt full of poverty and injustices, but where conflict is open and *Libertas sera tamen.*

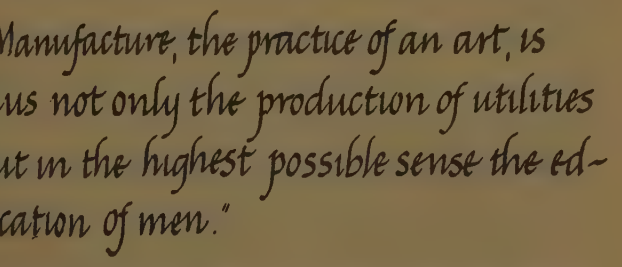
*O. H. K. Spate*

# ITALIC HANDWRITING

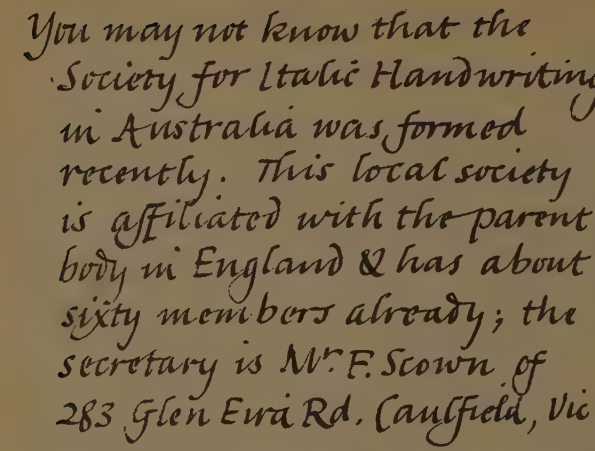
*John A. Bedggood*

ONE of the results of our utilitarianism is the widespread scorn for the acquisition and practice of a good hand; legible, speedy and graceful. On official forms the command to write name and address in block capitals will always be found: it should be unnecessary and is really insulting, but not unjustified when one considers the enormous number of signatures which are completely illegible. Very few people are sufficiently important to be sure of having their signatures recognized by an imposing flourish drawn with great vigour under some indistinguishable letters.

The bad handwriting which so disgraces daily life takes its origin from the so-called Civil Service Hand, a debased form devoid of the grace and elegance of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Copperp'ates. The Copperplate Hand on which Civil Service Hand was based, is descended from the writing styles of the sixteenth-century Italian scribes, the styles known as Roman and Italic. The Roman style was formal, still used by calligraphers in illuminated addresses and handwritten books, and Italic was the hand used for correspondence: it was a swift, legible and graceful style. Both Italic and Roman were written with the chisel-edged quill, which gave natural thicks and thins to the writing. As the demand for good models grew during the seventeenth and eighteenth century the task of providing plates for the printing of manuals fell upon the engravers. The only way in which an engraver with his burin could emulate the differences of line given by the edge of the quill, was to press more or less as required; instead of making a line thick from beginning to end, he could only make one


"Manufacture, the practice of an art, is
thus not only the production of utilities
but in the highest possible sense the ed-
ucation of men."

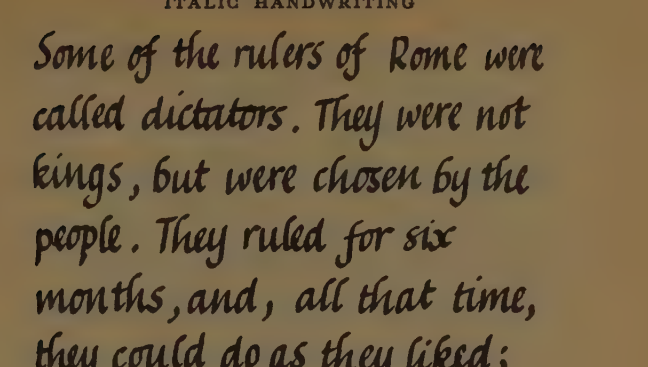
Handwriting by Mr C. T. Brown with a Swan 'Calligraph' fountain pen


You may not know that the
Society for Italic Handwriting
in Australia was formed
recently. This local society
is affiliated with the parent
body in England & has about
sixty members already; the
secretary is Mr F. Scown of
283 Glen Eira Rd. Caulfield, Vic.

Written by Mr D. A. Evans, Master at Geelong Grammar School.

which began and ended thin, with the thickness in the middle. In an excess of virtuosity he often decorated his plate with extraneous lines and serifs to the letters, which undeniably had a certain beauty. Unfortunately, however, a person using the manual printed with the engraver's plates often slavishly copied all the features of the engraver's work. To get the same effect as the burin, he had to use a flexible, pointed instrument instead of the edged pen, and had to press more or less hard to obtain the gradations of thickness. This was excessively laborious, and so a simplified version of Copperplate, less dependent upon thick downstrokes and thin upstrokes, and without most of the elegant and extravagant flourishes of its progenitor, appeared—Civil Service Hand. Civil Service Hand lends itself very readily to an injudicious infusion of 'character'—most of it bad.

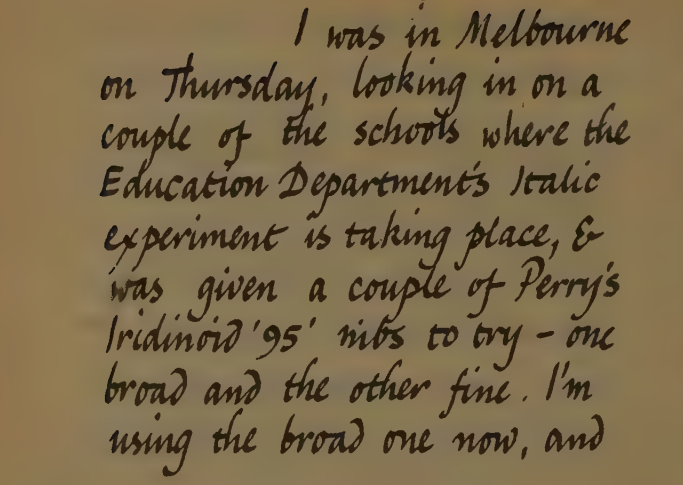
The problem of bad handwriting has received considerable attention from educationalists, and in the second decade of this century the first schools in London to use Print-script had begun their experiments: many schools in different parts of the English-speaking world have since used it and it is common in the Australian schools. Print-script characters are based on the printer's Roman type letters, and have much to commend them. An obvious advantage is that they are identical with the letter shapes a child will encounter in his reading primers, and so, by beginning his writing work with them, he is saved the


Some of the rulers of Rome were
called dictators. They were not
kings, but were chosen by the
people. They ruled for six
months, and, all that time,
they could do as they liked;

Written by D. Fenton (aged 13), Geelong Grammar School

confusion of having to learn to recognize two sets of letter forms. The principle is sound, save for one thing: whereas Print-script is suitable for non-cursive writing, it gives absolutely no hint of the way in which one letter is to be joined to another, and so, usually about the age of eight or nine, a child is taught to introduce all kinds of vagrant loops and twiddles into his Print-script, because it is thought that that is the only way in which letters may be joined. The educational psychologist, Dr P. B. Ballard remarked that there was 'one matter in connection with the print-writing movement developing into a cursive hand which violated a pedagogical maxim, namely, that one should begin with what one meant to go on with'. The child, justifiably disgusted with his infantile, same-as-everybody-else's hand, has by the time he begins his secondary school work, introduced a little 'character': as he grows older and is required to write faster, 'character' takes over and his handwriting degenerates into an unintelligible, unintelligent scribble. Print-script must take its share of the blame for our bad handwriting.

The modern revival of Italic began in England with Robert Bridges and his wife. They were not only the first to make a clear protest against poor handwriting, but the first to take a practical step to improve it—in 1899 Mrs Bridges published her *A New Handwriting*. Edward Johnston, in his *Writing and Illuminating, and Lettering* (1906) provided an invaluable guide for those interested in calligraphy. The Marion Richardson and Alfred Fairbank writing cards have had a wide influence, and in the last few years a very large number of books on Italic, written from historical and practical points of view, have appeared.

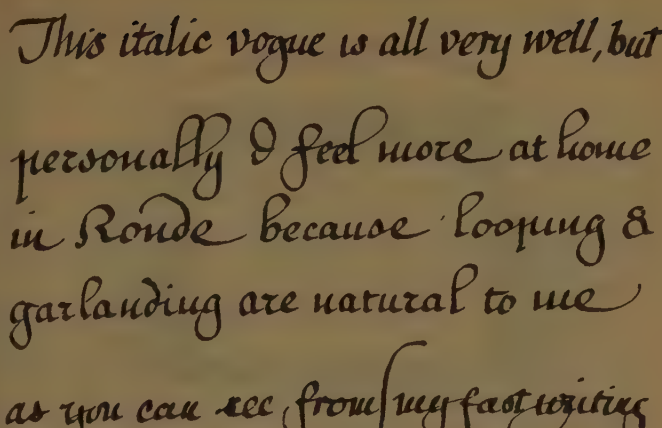

I was in Melbourne
on Thursday, looking in on a
couple of the schools where the
Education Department's Italic
experiment is taking place, &
was given a couple of Perry's
Iridinoid '95' nibs to try - one
broad and the other fine. I'm
using the broad one now, and

From a letter written by the author

Most modern forms of Italic have for a model the style of Ludovico degli Arrighi, who died in Rome about 1527. Italic is neither something completely new or an archaism; it is a hand which goes back to a purer model than Copperplate, slightly modified to suit the writer of today. Styles of Italic are similar only in the way in which members of the same family will bear a certain resemblance to each other: one's personality will inescapably be imprinted on one's handwriting.

In England there are countless numbers of schools, small and great, teaching Italic: in Australia, two state education departments are experimenting with the hand, and at least one private school is teaching it. Both in England and Canada there are societies for Italic Handwriting, with members in many countries, and in addition to those there are many others practising the hand. Now in Australia this year a society has been formed in affiliation with the English body.

The case for Italic may be summed up thus: it is a hand which is easily acquired, remains legible even at high speed, and can be very beautiful. To learn a good basic Italic, all one needs is one of the excellent manuals currently available, a chisel-edged pen (the Osmiroid '65' is both good and inexpensive), and about fifteen minutes' practice a day for a month or two. Although a fairly broad, chisel-edged pen will give best results—Arrighi used a quill—any pen is satisfactory;


This italic vogue is all very well, but
personally I feel more at home
in Ronde because looping &
garlanding are natural to me
as you can see from my fast writing
Beatrice Warde

A comment in three phases written for *Quadrant* by the noted typographer Mrs Beatrice Warde while visiting Australia.

good work can be done even with a ball-point. A free-flowing carbon ink is recommended (there are several made for use in a fountain pen—Indian Ink will not do) for there is a pleasing crispness about black ink on white paper: but that is not absolutely necessary. Whatever the writing instrument used, and whatever the colour of the ink, the writer of Italic gains much enjoyment himself and gives a great deal of pleasure to others in the writing of it.

*John A. Bedggood*

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# THE NOISE IN THE BACKGROUND

*Roger Covell*

PENDING the arrival of 'feelies' and 'smellies', it is enough to see and hear films. Seeing is pre-eminent, as Sydney-siders and Melburnians may remind themselves by unfocusing the screens of their television sets and allowing the sound transmission to continue by itself. But sound is likely to become increasingly obtrusive as stereophonic developments match the enlargement of film screens. If the final achievement of this policy of audience encirclement were to immerse future filmgoers in a Scriabinesque bath of light and sound, it would not be a total surprise. Picture theatres might then become huge mass-therapy rooms while entertainment as such became the exclusive property of television and live theatre.

The growing technical emphasis on sound is, on past experience, not likely to be accompanied by a corresponding growth in conscious audience awareness of it. Improvements in speech recording are usually imperceptible, and years of mistuning of radios in Australian homes so that they produce nothing but a rhythmical bass boom have probably helped to dull aural response to speech timbres. For the same reasons, the number of people who consciously note the musical background to a film is probably very small.

Despite this, the importance of musical backgrounds in films, as distinct from musical set-pieces, is not to be underestimated. Significantly, the service of musical accompaniments was enlisted long before any other sound accompanied moving pictures. Pianos (for matinees) and small *ad hoc* orchestras (for evening performances) inhabited every silent film theatre of the slightest pretension. Harmoniums and organs of various kinds were also speedily put to use. Their descendants may still be heard at interval time: the tremulous Wurlitzers. Silent film musicians did not have to be original. In fact, a sort of convention appears to have grown up which became immediately suggestive to audiences wherever films were shown.

J. S. Manifold has conjectured plausibly, after some ingenious research, that Elizabethan playgoers recognized a convention of 'signalling' in which the timbres of various instrument notified them of the mood of a forthcoming scene quite apart from the notes actually played. There was no convention of timbres,

so far as I know, in the silent film era, although varying combinations of bassoon, upper strings playing tremolo, and cellos and basses in plucked octaves, have since become fairly standardized for ghostly and suspenseful scenes in sound film. But the picture-theatre musicians did practise a system of accompanying a certain type of scene with the same piece of music, whatever film was being shown. Thus, to cite the two best-known examples, Czibulka's 'Hearts and Flowers' seems to have been indispensable for sad scenes of a romantic nature, and particularly for unhappy endings; and the galloping sequence from the *William Tell* Overture, a passage which Rossini originally intended to represent the revolt of the Swiss against their Austrian oppressors, became associated with flight and pursuit in all forms, and particularly with gallant rides to the rescue of bound heroines in danger from trains, landslides and Red Indian firebugs.

The process of standardization appears to have accelerated considerably in 1919 when Guiseppe Becce, an Italian musician, issued a library of timed and catalogued musical sequences, some adapted and some specially composed, which were designed to provide pianist or orchestra with a musical answer to every filmic situation. The theatre musician had then merely to thumb through the pages to find 'Night—sinister mood', 'Uncanny agitato' or even 'Impending doom' (a piece which must have come in for a good deal of use, one way and another). But it may be that arrangements of popular operas by several musicians in France, Italy and Germany for piano leader and scratch orchestra were even more widely used. These arrangements gave the vocal lines to orchestral instruments and replaced missing instruments with what were called obbligato parts. I believe that some of the state musical libraries of the Australian Broadcasting Commission are still cluttered with shelves full of these arrangements; acquired when sound films threw the theatre orchestras out of work.

Rudolf Pekarek, now resident conductor of the Queensland Symphony Orchestra, recalls that he worked in a picture-theatre orchestra in Prague while still a music student, like so many other enterprising young musicians of his generation. At that time, the orchestras rehearsed their accompaniments the day before each film was due to open, and, for a young music student, the need to change quickly from one score to another, to turn pages rapidly and to achieve precise timing was probably valuable training.

The standard of musical accompaniment must have varied a great deal, alarmingly so from the film-maker's point of view,

and studios soon adopted the practice of issuing musical guides listing the music to be selected and the appropriate scenes for which it should be played. This, though a considerable improvement on the old haphazard methods and a great relief to the picture-house musicians themselves, was only a step towards the provision of special scores for each important new film. This movement naturally quickened when the development of synchronized sound film in the 1920's allowed studios to issue a musical performance tied more or less unerringly to the visual image. That the trend was inevitable in any case appears from the early date at which composers began to write for individual films. Saint-Saens wrote an original score in 1908 to accompany a French film called *L'Assassinat du Duc de Guise*, using an orchestra of strings, piano and harmonium.

Nothing illustrates the latent power of a film score better than Edmund Meisel's music for the Berlin screening of Eisenstein's *The Battleship Potemkin*. Roger Manvell says that the emotional effect of this music was so powerful for audiences of that day that its performance was forbidden in some countries where the film by itself was permitted.

Since the general adoption of sound film, the history of film music has been synchronized literally to the history of the film. Neither is a glorious history considered in the average, but the history of the film score is probably even less glorious than that of the film itself. So much so that Alejo Carpentier's recent novel *The Lost Steps* uses the writing of film music as an easily recognizable symbol of spiritual degeneration.

The reason for this state of affairs must be partly the bad taste, natural or induced, of a number of influential film producers. The atmosphere of false emotionalism in which a producer might easily feel obliged to abandon his normal standards can be tasted in Lillian Ross' wicked little book *Picture*; and the traditional film magnate's attitude to music was captured long ago by Bella and Samuel Spewack in their *Boy Meets Girl*, as this snatch of dialogue testifies:

LAW (a script writer, imitating a studio mogul's voice): Can you write me a roundelay with a symphonic undertone in about fifteen minutes? (*Dictograph buzzes*) Yes?

GREEN'S VOICE: Look . . . did you say a lullaby?

LAW: No, I didn't say a lullaby. I said a roundelay. The sort of thing Beethoven dashes off.

All this is a pity, even from the film-maker's point of view, because there is no doubt in my mind of the power a good score has to enhance or even redeem a film. If I may give

subjective evidence, I have found that a snatch of music will crystallize images from even an apparently trivial film in my memory. As a boy, I saw a pirate film called *The Black Swan.* It was tushery, though quite acceptable at the time. But the music was sufficiently evocative for me to see it a second time and te note the composer's name as Alfred Newman. I can still recall—and note down, with reasonable accuracy—a rather Siegfriedian theme given to the horns which was what Wagner's disciples might have called the Motif of the Sailing Ship on the High Seas. That theme was fused with the screen image of the rearing bowsprit of a sailing ship as it swung from its moorings out to sea, and it recurred whenever we saw a ship in its panoply of sail.

Most film music, however, ages rapidly and it can cause an old film to date more rapidly than it might otherwise have done. To take a fairly distinguished example: Sir Arthur Bliss' music for the H. G. Wells film *The Shape of Things to Come* was considered a very significant step forward in the history of film music. But this music, played as a suite, now sounds very tame and unfuturistic. No doubt the scientific marvels of the film itself have lost much of their origianl impact, but it is likely that they still retain more suggestion of the future than Bliss' quite pleasant but extremely passé music. As a small child I was entranced by the version of *Robin Hood* that starred Errol Flynn. Many years later, for the sake of sentiment, I saw it again. The picture, though appearing quite bleached in comparison with the bright colours of memory, was just tolerable. But the incidental music, composed by Erich Korngold as I then learned, made it almost impossible for me to sit through the film. Its played-out harmonies and debilitated themes were not only inadequate for the events of the story, but seemed actually to detract from them.

What a present-day audience expects in scenes of chivalry and armed excitement is, though it may not be consciously aware of it, something after the pattern of the music Walton composed for *Henry V.* In time, of course, Walton's music for this film will sound dated. It will not necessarily sound bad, as Korngold's music sounded bad, because Walton is a much better composer than Korngold and the majority of film composers. But it will sound inappropriate. It will not reinforce the images, but distract attention from them, just as music written on classic or historical themes in the nineteenth century proves inappropriate to those themes narrated in filmic terms. The use of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* Overture for the

Norma Shearer-Leslie Howard film of Shakespeare's play was an artistic mistake in that it mirrored quite a different conception of the story from the grey literalness of the film.

If film-makers concerned for the future of their product have to choose between music which appears increasingly bad with the passage of time and music which will remain tolerable even if out-of-date, they will choose the latter kind, if their taste is good enough to lead them to it. But the number of composers with superior talent is very small and the number of films produced very large. There are not enough good composers to go round in the time available. (For Olivier's film of *Hamlet*, Walton had to write approximately fifty minutes of music; the equivalent, in length, of two Mozart symphonies.)

Some producers show signs of meeting this problem by cutting music to almost nothing. But this is no more than a partial solution, satisfactory only for ultra-realistic films. It is my belief that music is likely to play a larger part in dramatic work of all kinds in the future.

Any attempt to assess the future of film music must take into account the increasing 'mechanization' of all music. This trend is apparent even in music composed for normal instruments. The Schönbergian twelve-tone system, now being used in various forms by the majority of younger composers (for good or ill), determines the melodic and harmonic shape of a piece of music by semi-mathematical means once the primary 'row of tones' has been established. Some music played recently in Paris and London has taken this process a stage further by arranging rhythms and tempos in serial form. This means nothing in itself. It is hard to write good music in twelve-tone idiom, as it is in any other idiom. But it seems to be an extraordinarily easy medium in which to achieve atmospheric effects without excessive reliance on musical originality. In the hands of smaller talents, it also has the advantage of producing impersonal and anonymous music.

At the same time, experiments are proceeding both in the creation of synthetic types of sound and in the organization of naturally-occurring sound. These seem likely to have a distinct place in the future of film music. 'Electronic music' is only now achieving real notoriety, although instruments for its production have been in existence at least since the 1920's. The basis of it is completely artificial; the sound produced results, so I understand, from the 'conflict' of two electric currents of differing frequency. Most current experiments seem to be stemming from the inventions of Thérémin and Martenot

in which the operator of the apparatus can control pitch, volume and timbre with simple hand movements, there being no end to the variety of sound he can produce. What I have heard of this music so far still seems to be in the science fiction category, and it is interesting to note that electronic noises formed the background of a recent (and singularly feeble) science fiction film entitled *Forbidden Planet.* The credit titles included the unfamiliar line: 'Electronic tonalities by . . .'

The organization of naturally-occurring sounds seems to have richer prospects for films at the moment than it does, under the title of *musique concrète,* for ordinary listening. Concrete music is an extremely complex exploitation of the possibilities of the tape recorder. Anything from the bang of a pair of scissors on the floor to the sound of tearing silk can be recorded, repeated, transposed in pitch, played faster or slower, stripped of some of its original characteristics, and finally combined with other sounds by skilful and patient engineering.

At the moment of finishing this article I have been listening to a set of *musique concrète* recordings from Paris. I was not convinced that their makers had managed as yet to produce combinations of sound with any lasting merit, but it was quite obvious that some of the music had a tremendous emotional impact; not only on me but also on some hard-bitten professional orchestra players who were also listening. The English producer Peter Brook has used his own recorded collection of sounds as an accompaniment to his recent stage production of *Titus Andronicus,* and some quite early film music pointed in this direction.

As long ago as Cavalcanti's 1936 documentary *Night Mail,* Benjamin Britten incorporated the sound of a genuine train whistle in the key structure of his accompanying score, or so Hans Keller maintains. And Basil Wright has recalled how Britten, in order to shorten his score for that film, made 'some fantastically ingenious excisions from the sound track itself', thus foreshadowing the modern passion for juggling with tapes.

Britten's great strength as a composer of film music was his ability to translate natural sounds into a musical pattern. That might well be the inspiration of less gifted manipulators who have to mould film music out of the raw sound itself. Skilful editing could transform natural sound or sounds (appropriate ones for preference) into a stylized pattern, giving them rhythm, form and variety. It may well be that a simplified form of experimental music, or sound patterning, of this type will become familiar and acceptable in films long before it wins any widespread status elsewhere. *Roger Covell*

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BENJAMIN DISRAELI:
*Sybil* or *The Two Nations*
*Nelson. London. 6s. od.*

Disraeli must now be regarded as a Prime Minister among novelists; when his books are read at all, it is rather for their quality as historical documents or literary curiosities than for their intrinsic merit.

His purpose is usually as didactic as Bunyan's or Swift's. His characters are often two-dimensional types, devised to embody his ideas. His narration is often discursive to the point of desultoriness; he *will* turn aside to draw the moral and to comment. His prose is uneven—always ornate, often pointlessly complex, and sometimes downright bad. Yet his books are still worth reading, and specially the two 'Young England' novels, *Coningsby* (1844) and *Sybil* (1845). Perhaps the main reason for reading them is to meet their author, a very remarkable man. They are also good commentaries on their time: one could scarcely hope to understand the history of England between the first and second Reform Bills without having read them.

As a political commentator, Disraeli had three great qualities.

First, he spoke as a practical politician, describing not second-hand concepts, but things within his experience. He was never tempted to become an academic bore.

Secondly, though he was fully acquainted with the society in which he lived and moved, he was not quite of it. His slight deracination (caused, as we shall presently see, by his curious personal history) gave him an unusual detachment and helped him to take a cool and steady view of all that happened.

Thirdly, he was that very rare bird, an articulate Tory by Temperament. (Such a man, who may appear in any political party, must be carefully distinguished from his unworthy relation, that self-defeating creature, the Tory from Self-Interest.) The Tory by Temperament sees society more or less whole; his vision of it is not distorted and segmented by registration in a mind that has been divided against itself by narrow doctrines and artificial categories: no strange dichotomy between matter and spirit, and no popular economic cant, have dehumanized it. The Tory by Temperament is always out of sympathy with the Whig by Temperament. Yeats described the antipathy in *The Seven Sages*:

*Whether they knew it or not,*
*Goldsmith and Burke, Swift and the Bishop of Cloyne*
*All hated Whiggery; but what is Whiggery?*
*A levelling, rancorous, rational sort of mind*
*That never looked out of the eye of a saint*
*Or out of a drunkard's eye.*

(Which is not to say that Tories by Temperament are always either saints or sots, though Whig persecution does tend to drive them to extremes.) The Tory by Temperament is usually inarticulate because Whigs, being doctrinaires, are glib with the categories of speech and tend to establish a corner in them. In order to describe his vision the Tory must perform the *tour de force* of bending Whig-soiled terms to his purpose. Few Tories manage to do this, though such conspicuous exceptions as Plato, Dr Johnson and Edmund Burke show that it can be done. Disraeli the novelist is high in the second rank of articulate Tories by Temperament.—As a practical exponent of political Toryism he is, of course, high in the first rank.

Disraeli's history helps to explain the man. He was born in London in 1804, the only son of Isaac D'Israeli, a man of letters and a politic convert from Jewry to the Established Church. Benjamin was privately

educated, mainly in his father's library. But he suffered a year or two in a private school, where the peculiarity of his Jewish race—the age was not a tolerant one—obliged him in self-protection to cut a figure and, by thrashing bullies, to demonstrate his secretly-acquired prowess as a boxer. In his early twenties, he emerged from the ghetto-like retirement of his middle-class literary home to live in London's great world. He throve in it, not as an indigenous specimen, but as an exotic. He played the dandy; acquired spectacular debts and mistresses; and in 1826 published his first book, *Vivian Grey*, a 'silver fork' novel of high society.

Lacking money and family connections, he formed the ambition to enter politics, then an aristocratic world just touched by the first infection of industrial plutocracy. He married Mary Anne, a silly, good-hearted widow-of-means several years his senior. Thereafter he remained her absolutely loyal and devoted husband to the end of her long life.

In 1837, he entered Parliament as a Conservative, making a maiden speech much ridiculed for its outlandish imagery. When Sir Robert Peel turned his coat to repeal the Corn Laws, Disraeli rejected the Conservative Whip and joined a rump of protectionists. He associated himself with a group of aristocratic young politicians who were in full revolt against the spirit of the age—industrialism, laissez-faire economics, the Conservatism that consisted of 'Tory men and Whig measures', the unholy alliance between Utilitarianism and Whiggery, and the political consequences of the Reform Bill of 1832. This movement, which was called 'Young England', inspired the writing of *Sybil*.

The book's main purpose is indicated by its subtitle, *The Two Nations*. It is explained in detail by one of those garrulous gurus that crop up in most of Disraeli's novels to explain things to his ingenuous heroes in search of enlightenment:

'"Yes," resumed the young stranger after a moment's interval. "Two nations; between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones . . .; who are formed by different breeding . . ."'

'"You speak of—" said Egremont, hesitatingly.

'"THE RICH AND POOR."'

Disraeli takes his reader on a conducted, sociological tour of early Victorian England. Gibbon's description of the Roman Empire in the age of the Antonines, and Macaulay's Third Chapter are no more thorough descriptions of polities and are very little more fascinating. The London Clubs and political salons, the country houses, the poor rural town, the industrial wen, and the sorts of people living in them, are all discovered. The reader of *Sybil* sees them—through Disraeli's eyes.

The book demonstrates vividly the large common element in Tory paternalism and the 'ethical' socialism peculiar to England. It makes plain the paradox of Lord Randolph Churchill's 'Tory democracy', the forerunner of the 'New Toryism' which is at present agitating the British Conservative Party, but which, in the 1880's, was perhaps premature.

*George Baker*

R. C. ZAEHNER:
*Mysticism Sacred and Profane*
*The Clarendon Press. Oxford. 6s. od.*

The author of this book is the Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions at the University of Oxford, and has hitherto been known as a specialist in Zoroastrian studies. He is at pains to explain his reasons for venturing into what is, for him, a new field—comparative mysticism. He also warns readers, so that they

may make any necessary discount for personal bias, that he writes as a convinced Christian theist, by intention completely orthodox. Such disarming candour calls for a response from the reader. In particular the reader, if he be a Christian theologian, will need to discount his own reactions to a certain unease of Professor Zaehner in the use of theological terms, and his failure to grasp certain theological distinctions. These limitations of the author, though important, are only marginal to his thesis. This thesis he succeeds brilliantly in establishing. If his readers succeed equally well in assimilating it, this book may do much to bring Christian mystical theology into more fruitful relation with the hunger for religion of many of our well-educated but religiously ill-instructed, anti-religiously biassed, contemporaries — such as Aldous Huxley, for instance.

The primary purpose of the book under review is to answer Huxley's recent book *The Doors of Perception* (1954). In this book Huxley recounts his experiences under the influence of the drug mescalin, and concludes that these experiences were identical in kind with the mystical experience supposed by him to be found identically in the mystical tradition of all the diverse religions. This claim scandalized Zaehner, and provoked him into investigating its truth. He has no difficulty in showing, that Huxley's drug-induced sense of greatly heightened perception, and of merging and losing his individual identity in a general principle of being in the objects of the world external to himself, is the same as the experience induced in Henry James by nitrous oxide, or in Baudelaire by hashish; and that the experience thus artificially induced is the same, in turn, as that enjoyed without any artificial stimulus by such nature mystics as Tennyson, Forrest Reid, J. A. Symonds, Richard Jefferies or Marcel Proust. He also demonstrates with ease, that the process of psychological disintegration and loss of the sense of individual identity involved in coming to this sense of identity with the external world, must, if it ceases to be under control, or is indulged in without restraint, conclude in lunacy. This he does by comparing the descriptions given by nature mystics or drug-inspired mystics of the exultation they have felt in their sense of union with the external world, with the published descriptions by a man intermittently insane of his remembered sensations while in the manic stage of his manic-depressive disability.

It is, however, when Zaehner transcends the occasion of his book that he begins to make really valuable contributions to the theory of mysticism. Mystics of all the classical religions have this in common, as against the nature mystics: they teach and practise, as an essential preliminary to mystical experience, detachment from the world external to themselves, and a consequent impoverishment or emptying of the conscious mind of all sensations or mental forms. Only when a man has reduced himself to the bare principle of his identity, to the apex, fundament, or fine point of the soul, as it is variously called, does he become capable of that kind of union to which the religious mystic aspires. This process of self-emptying cannot be concurrent with the heightened sensation of nature mysticism. On the other hand, the ascetic way presupposes, that there is some content in the soul to be emptied out, and that a considerable degree of self-realization and self-knowledge has already been securely achieved. This would correspond to the integration of the personality as conceived by Jung—the reconciliation of the conscious mind with both the personal and the collective unconscious. 'Integration,' as Zaehner puts it, 'would seem to mean the natural mystical experience brought under

the control of the intellect.' In this sense, some degree of nature mysticism, even if in a highly diffuse form, may be taken as a normal precursor of the initial asceticism of religious mystics. Still, the tension, the opposition, between the way of self-realization and the way of asceticism, even though it be not a contradiction, should, suggested Zaehner, at least have caused Huxley to pause and ask whether the two ways are not in fact directed to different destinations; whether the object of the union experienced by the nature mystics is not other than the object of the union experienced by the religious mystics; whether, in short, it is not a question of two different kinds of union.

If the evidence of the mystics as to their own state of union is accepted as being such as excludes illusion as an explanation, then it cannot be explained in terms of any other, non-mystical experience; apart, of course, from the necessary use of metaphor or analogy. In particular, the specific evidence of the religious mystics must be taken as an empirical disproof of the pantheism implicit in the claims of many nature mystics.

To disprove pantheism is, however, by no means to prove theism. Religious mystics have varied in the metaphysical explanations they give, both of the Absolute with which they claim to be united, and of the significance of this union as regards themselves. The great Christian mystics in general have been limited in their choice of metaphysical explanations by the metaphysical categories canonized in the tradition of orthodox dogmatic theology as necessary presuppositions or implications of that tradition, such as the principle of contingent being; or 'substance' as employed in the Christological controversies and the controversies concerning the Real Presence. It is in the looser and less dogmatic context of Hindu religion, or in the less comprehensive, and therefore less restraining, tradition of Islam, that we find a variety in the metaphysical explanations advanced by mystics who, by their choice of explanation, specify the character of their mystical experience.

Zaehner distinguishes three main explanations. In the first two, the purged and stripped 'fine point' of the individual soul is identified with the Absolute. In one case, a monistic explanation treats the phenomenal world as, metaphysically speaking, a highly-organized cosmic illusion or dream of the unitary Absolute mind with which the individual becomes identified. In the other case, a dualistic explanation allows an independent reality to the phenomenal world, but regards the goal of mystical experience as the complete dissociation of an individual human soul both from the phenomenal world and from every other human soul. Souls thus liberated constitute a plurality of self-subsistent and mutually impervious absolutes. In its dualism, this latter view is necessarily atheistic; and in practice it fails to discern any Absolute more extensive than that of the stripped and emptied individual soul. Deprived thus of an object with which to unite, the soul, on this view, is incapable of mystical union: it must rest at the self-chosen terminus of ascetic mastery which is, for other religious mystics, only the starting point for mystical union.

Monist mysticism is thus left alone to face theist mysticism. The latter is distinguished from the former by its ready recognition of the metaphysical reality of contingent being. It is characterized metaphysically by its insistence that the soul is a creature, not an emanation, of the Absolute, whom it conceives to be unequivocally God; so that, in its mystical union with God the soul retains, even when 'deified' by participation in the divine nature, its distinct, individual, creaturely identity. This is the view of one of

several schools of Hindu thought; it is the basic tradition of Islamic mysticism, though the tradition has often been confused by monistic Hindu influences; and it is the view almost without exception of the Christian mystics.

More important, though, than metaphysical character, in distinguishing between monist and theist mysticism, is the moral character of the latter. Monist mystics frequently express indifference to ethical considerations; and love is not recognized by them except as one of the passions of the phenomenal world, to be emptied out of the soul which aspires to mystical union. For the theist mystic, on the contrary, the mutual love of God and man is the conscious motive force of progress towards mystical union. The love of man for man in friendship, and of man and woman in marriage, are seen as necessary analogues of the mutual love of God and man.

Professor Zaehner's book is important because it exposes and explodes the vulgar fallacy, that mysticism is a property, all of one kind, common to the cognoscenti of all religions and unaffected by differences of metaphysical or dogmatic belief. Here is the ultimate answer to Aldous Huxley; for none has been more assiduous than he in the propagation of this fallacy.

*Spencer Dunkerley*

VICTOR H. WALLACE:
*Paths to Peace*
*Melbourne University Press. 25s. od.*

The book is a collection of articles, compiled and edited by Victor H. Wallace who claims in the Preface that each chapter is 'written by an author who is recognized as a competent specialist in his particular subject. . . .' A similar assurance is repeated on the dust jacket.

There are first of all purely technical contributions such as the chapter by Sir Samuel Wadham on 'Population and Food Production in Relation to World Peace', which are politically neutral, fairly interesting summaries of reports on specialized researches and might have appeared in technical journals. Then there are articles of a highly political kind which determine the general tendency of the book. These are typical United Front stuff, even if written, as some of them are, in academic jargon: a hard Stalinist and Stalinoid core blurred and camouflaged by a haze of lofty and more or less dishonest pseudo-liberal irrelevancies. If we followed the advice of the book we should set out on a path to a very special kind of peace—the Pax Sovietica of Kadarized Hungary.

The hard core of the book is contained in F. E. Emery's chapter on 'Economic Conflict in Relation to War' and in G. Sharp's chapter on 'Social Structure and War'. Both authors are by training psychologists, but their contributions are Stalinist propaganda tracts on foreign policy and East-West relations.

Mr Emery's chapter, by far the less paranoid of the two, elaborates the familiar Lenin-Stalinist myths that the ultimate causes of modern wars are conflicts between metropolitan financial and industrial monopolies for markets and colonies. The 'socialist' bloc is, on the other hand, a bulwark of stability and peace, free from colonial ambition and exploitation, and without any conceivable vested interest in conquest. I have it on Mr Emery's authority that the views expressed in his chapter on the 'socialist' bloc are, since October 1956, no longer his.

Mr Sharp's chapter is an intellectual horror comic, yet it is more honest than some others in that the Stalinist propaganda line is stated openly. Written in turgid djugashvilese it reproduces the tortuous doctrine of the bosses in all its reality-defying brazenness. '. . . the antagonism within and between imperialist countries will determine their inevitable progress towards

socialism. The exposure of past misrepresentations of the Soviet and socialist bloc [*sic*] and the rapid development of the socialist countries added to the moral support they lend will facilitate that process.' Mr Sharp quotes approvingly not only Zhdanov but Former Personality himself as if nothing had happened during the past two years. All this is of clinical significance since it is obvious that the chapter was written or at least was accessible for revision *after* publication of the Krushchev speech and the Hungarian revolution. It shows that Stalinist intellectuals have been falsely diagnosed as mere human loud-speakers: they are in fact tape-recorders.

Professor Partridge's chapter on 'Conflict of Ideologies' makes a sharp distinction between ideological and power motivation. The conflict between the democracies and the totalitarian bloc is represented as a struggle for power pure and simple. Both protagonists cherish power with equal zeal. Ideologies are relatively unimportant in the whole matter. The forced and very artificial distinction between quest for power and dedication to ideology is only in part responsible for the unreality which permeates everything that Professor Partridge says. 'Communism, of course, resembles the revolutionary doctrines of France of 1790 in this respect,' namely 'because of its appeal to the peoples of autocratically governed European states.' The opposite of the truth could not be stated with greater precision. But then, we are told, 'it does not seem that the propagation of the classical ideology of liberal democracy in Asia or in those parts of Europe (e.g. Poland) where the Communists have already gone a long way with agricultural reform and other phases of political and social reconstruction is likely to have much effect'. The 'classical ideology of liberal democracy' presumably means freedom, and Professor Partridge makes it quite clear that 'undeveloped' nations such as Poland or China are neither ripe for it nor interested in it. His views are fairly typical for a group of upper-middle-class British left intellectuals in whose *Weltanschauung* racist arrogance and Stalinoid mythology blend into a curious new version of the White Man's Burden: the totalitarian horror inflicted by Communist bosses is necessary and even proper for lesser breeds such as Poles or Chinese, but of course quite inappropriate for The Race and its overseas offshoots. The Poles do not seem to agree with Professor Partridge; they have done enough loud thinking recently to expose his views as a heap of absurdities.

Mr R. S. Ellery's chapter on 'Frustration and Aggression in Relation to War' is likely to increase the already very large and steadily growing number of professionally competent judges who view psychoanalytic theory with extreme scepticism. Mr Ellery's is a third hand version of German pacifist writing of the 'twenties which he reproduces with an almost bizarre disregard for the concrete realities of his own environment. Germans such as Reich and Hodan made an attempt in the early 'twenties to combine Freudism and Marxism into a new theory with which to fight German militarism at what they correctly perceived were its roots: in the German Youth Movement. Their theories were proved wrong by almost every subsequent event. Mr Ellery has produced a lifeless caricature of these exploded theories.

Mr Glanville Cook in his chapter on 'Propaganda and War' exposes the war-like machinations of *Reader's Digest* and the Catholic Church. Yet, he leaves us comforted with the assurance that the Communists and the mighty socialist bloc led by the USSR are 'wholly for peace', both in intention and propaganda. Good.

Mr Cairns has a chapter on 'Economic Policy and the Prevention

of War'. All major powers should renounce their imperial ambitions and combine to develop the underdeveloped territories, and generally promote a New Jerusalem. This should be quite easy, since Communism is, you see, just a 'system of economic production in which control has been taken away from present owners and acquired by departments of government'. Its other characteristics are apparently so unimportant for the success of Mr Cairns' scheme, that he does not deem them worth mentioning. It is like saying that Belsen was just a place where everything was government-owned and where most people did not smoke.

Mr Wallace's chapter on 'A World Population Policy as a Factor in Maintaining Peace' ranges over a large variety of subjects, from the menstrual cycle of women to Mr Corliss Lamont who is described as an 'American Liberal', a description which Lamont himself explicitly denies. Corliss Lamont's phantasies glorifying the Stalin-Yezhov-Beria regime are recommended as 'well balanced objectively written books on Russia'. There is a vast array of disconnected technicalities intermingled with platitudes and with an occasional unintended comic relief ('family limitation is practised for a great variety of different reasons well known to workers in this field'), but the cat slips out of the bag completely when Mr Wallace makes his one concrete policy suggestion: the intake of migrants to Australia should be restricted to people from Great Britain and Asia. 'There is greater social harmony within the state when there is racial homogeneity', and 'miscegenation is not desirable in the interest of World Peace'; yet an annual quota of Asiatics would be a token of 'goodwill and friendship'.

The most depressing are however the contributions of authors who unlike Mr Wallace are genuine progressive liberals. One has a right to expect good and stimulating thinking from people who honestly claim to be spokesmen of a great intellectual tradition. Uniformed toddlers are taught to chant the glory of the Soviet Fatherland; the insolent luxury of the bosses' 'dacha' accentuates the misery of overcrowded working-class slums and the unspeakable horror of the Arctic concentration camp; rebellious Hungarian workers and intellectuals are sold into slavery at £3 a head. Yet Professor Sawer can write: 'Communism has a predominantly civilian and equalitarian ideology.' We have therefore nothing to fear. The world is getting better. The dominant powers are in most important respects 'satisfied'. Satisfied. What a revealing term! The postprandial smugness with which so many liberals are trying to ignore the nasty features of life is perhaps the main reason why people are turning away from them.

Some practical reflections are prompted by the book as a whole. The first concerns some of our accredited spokesmen of what Sidney Hook calls 'ritualistic liberalism'. It can be stated briefly: the sooner they disappear from the public scene, the greater are the chances that liberal values will survive in the uncongenial climate of the corporate-managerial era. The second relates to 'Communists' and fellow-travellers: it is now quite obvious that the decisive class-struggle of our time is fought between the hard core of the reactionary Stalinist bureacracy who defend their privileges with the usual savagery of a cornered ruling clique, and the downtrodden masses in the Communist orbit whose aspirations are expressed in a somewhat confused and guarded, but clearly perceptible manner by men like Nagy, Djilas, Harich, Dudintsev, and many others in and outside the 'Communist' parties, whose names have not reached us. Most of these men would probably be classed as belonging to the 'extreme left', and as being

'Marxist', by the average Western observer, but any attempt to apply our own principles of classification to an utterly alien milieu such as the Soviet orbit is bound to be misleading. On the outcome of this struggle depends the main chance of peace. Intellectuals who still persist in their flirtations with the Stalinist machine must know that they are accomplices in a grossly anti-social racket. The consequences may be unpleasant, but, unfortunately, not only for them. The justified fury of the public at having been made game of by some 'eggheads' may all too easily degenerate into an upsurge of generalized anti-intellectualism, never too deeply under the surface in countries with vigorous 'plebeian' traditions, such as America or Australia. A book on how the silliness of some American intellectuals contributed to the rise of McCarthyism still remains to be written. The poisonous myth of The Treacherous Professor, now part of American folklore, may easily gain roots here when the news gets around that some of us are infatuated with a system which employs phosphorous bombs, firing squads, and mass deportations against striking workers and their unfortunate families.

An introductory chapter to this book was written by His Excellency the Prime Minister of India.

*F. Knöpfelmacher*

H. I. MARROU:
*A History of Education in Antiquity*
*Sheed & Ward. London. 62s. od.*

Those who believe education means development of mind and heart rather than conditioning for 'life adjustment' will be greatly encouraged by this study of Greek and Roman 'rhetorical' education. It pictures the flowering and the withering of a successful ideal, leaving us to consider how that ideal might again be made fruitful, and drawing attention to weaknesses that can easily render it sterile. It illustrates the unity of educational experience; for the history of education is the history of efforts to maintain equilibrium against the tug of diverse ideals—the valiant warrior and the scribe (Professor Marrou's happy description), the knight and the clerk, the man of leisure and the man of affairs, culture and learning, tradition and novelty.

Factual, urbane and judicious, *Education in Antiquity* is historical writing at its best. 'The sympathy the historian must feel for his subject obliges me to appear as advocate for the ancient system . . . for we must understand before we pass judgment: but the reader must remember I present it as an example to reflect upon, not as a model to be slavishly imitated. . . . There are many things in it, opposed either to our present practice or to our future aspirations, which may give us a salutary shock.' Teachers will perhaps be most struck by Professor Marrou's quotations from the papyri and by the breadth of the old curricula; historians, by his reassessment of the sophists' influence and of 'pederasty in Greek education'. Ranging from Homer to the later Roman Empire, he concludes with brief but stimulating notes on the first Christian schools. Competently translated by George Lamb, *A History of Education in Antiquity* must surely take its place beside Jaeger's *Paideia* as a standard work of reference.

*John W. Doyle*

VINCENT BUCKLEY:
*Essays in Poetry, mainly Australian*
*Melbourne University Press. 30s. od.*

We need critics like Mr Buckley as desperately as we need poets and men like him. That is, critics who are scholarly, perceptive, well-grounded on what Yeats called 'a European standard', and courageous especially in applying that standard. For courage is still needed, though we must soon stop taking notice of the yahoos.

In this book we get what we need but not that alone. We get six essays on poetry as well as five on poets. Four of the former are specifically Australian and of these one, 'Thirty Years of Technique', is a valuable summary account of formal matters about which generalizations are possible. But the others are rather less helpful or desirable. They are too much about shadows like Australian poets, English poets, left-wing poets or 'Bulletin' poets, and not enough about substances like poems. Now I believe, with Mr Buckley indeed, that 'the interior springs of poetry are always personal and profound'. Generalizations have the limited value he claims for them, I suppose; they do help the critic 'to pose a case'. I rarely see the value or the necessity of the case they make possible. For example, the case he is thus enabled to pose on the progress of Australian poetry certainly does not convince me any more than other more facile theories have done. I am still not quite sure what the special problems of an Australian poet are, and Mr Buckley's analysis of his position seems to indicate no quality peculiar to it. Is there any contemporary community (has there ever been one?) where anything but 'a tiny minority asks itself the central questions'?

Perhaps Mr Buckley is too preoccupied with the 'central question', at least too exclusively so. Are 'the central questions' in his sense, his 'tragic awareness', always central to good poetry? I suspect indeed that Mr Buckley's great weakness as a critic is his over-solemnity. Not his seriousness, for he quite properly wishes to be serious about poetry and criticism. But then solemnity is not the same thing; and indeed it is a handicap to him when he writes on Slessor, on Hope or on FitzGerald.

Although Mr Buckley is much more careful about his jargon than most, his use of shorthand terms is often rash, and he is repeatedly forced to waste time in clarifying and explaining them. It would be better to forget them. Thus we are told of A. D. Hope that 'he is wedded to the idea of the primacy of the human, even while he is most intensely insistent on the final insufficiency of the human'. He presents 'a world of human beings rather than of natural objects', yet he excludes the social dimension and has 'an intense awareness of the physical universe'. He is in reaction against Renaissance humanism, but is also 'a type of Renaissance man'. He is also 'a type of eighteenth century man' but 'not really a poet of the Enlightenment'. Now these paradoxes conceal a truth but they almost smother it.

Mr Buckley is at his best when he forgets entirely that part of him which wrote the first six essays and concentrates on the critic's task of illuminating the work of art.

*F. M. Todd*

EVELYN WAUGH:
*The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*
*Chapman & Hall. London. 15s. 6d.*

Certainly, one stood up and cheered the detached, humorous self-revelation of the first sixteen pages of *Gilbert Pinfold*, with its sketch of 'The Artist in Middle-Age'. This was what the reviews had told us would happen; unfortunately they did not tell us there was so little of it. Still, even sixteen pages was enough to satisfy those of his admirers who were tiring of Mr Waugh's assumption of the role of landed gentleman.

That in this regard he was an *arriviste* hardly mattered; so—in the not very long run—is all England. What did distress his admirers was that this satirist of cults had unwittingly become mixed up with one of London's latest; or, more charitably, that one of the latest cults had become mixed up with him.

For in a world in which, lest Miss Mitford should detect the electroplated spoons in our mouths, all

students of the London weeklies are carefully calling spades spades, notepaper writing paper, sweets puddings, mirrors looking-glasses and mantelpieces whatever it is one should call mantelpieces; and in which we are all looking up from our ancestral snap-shot albums to look down on Lucky Jims, Mr Waugh seemed to have become one of us.

Now he has detached himself from that embarrassment by explaining everything. Gilbert Pinfold, he says 'was neither a scholar nor a regular soldier; the part for which he cast himself was a combination of eccentric don and testy colonel and he acted it strenuously . . . until it came to dominate his whole outward personality. When he ceased to be alone, when he swung into his club or stumped up the nursery stairs, he left half of himself behind and the other half swelled to fill its place. He offered the world a front of pomposity mitigated by indiscretion, that was as hard, bright and antiquated as a cuirass.'

Unfortunately (from the point of view of novel-writing) the book does not go on to become a kindly anatomy of snobbery (and what better thing can a novel be?). It descends into being a record of an interesting experience. As a chronicle of hallucination it is humdrum and—even in only one hundred and eighty-four pages—too loose and too long. Without having reached the stage of hearing things that Mr Waugh reached several years ago, anyone who suffers even minor attacks of persecution mania will find in his book familiar material. But since he tells a plain story Waugh on Hallucinations is at least more amusing than Huxley on Schizophrenia.

This reaction of disappointment is what one feels bound to express when reviewing the book as a novel. But why should it be a novel? And why should Mr Waugh write any more novels? He has already given his view of life superbly for those who care to appreciate it. What more can he say? To appreciate a man's novels one does not have to read volume after volume after volume, like a schoolgirl guzzling sweets. To the sophisticated mind the illusions vanish, the tricks and repetitions become dazzlingly obvious; one might as well go to the pictures.

Or, as Pinfold puts it: 'A novelist is condemned to produce a succession of novelties, new names for characters, new incidents for his plots, new scenery; but . . . most men harbour the germs of one or two books only; all else is professional trickery.'

What makes novelists less fastidious than Mr Waugh go on repeating themselves? Partly the driving illusion of 'genius' as a perpetual motion machine endlessly generating 'wisdom', mainly the desire for fame and fortune. Thank Heaven Mr Waugh made both at an early age.

*D. R. Horne*

## BOOKS NOTED

MARTIN BOYD:
*Outbreak of Love*
*John Murray. London. 15s. 6d.*

One of the best of Boyd's novels framed on Australian-English social and cultural tensions, with some discreet and perceptive comments. In a painter's studio outside Melbourne in 1914 a bright girl says: 'You didn't invent that method. Why don't you experiment with more interesting ways of using paint?' The author remarks: 'It was surprising how soon in that remote place she had caught the atmosphere which was to corrode the soul of her generation.'

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR:
*The Mandarins*
*Collins. London. 18s. od.*

A much lauded *roman à clef* about politics and sex in the Sartre-Camus milieu. Interesting as a document for the symptomatology of left-wing intellectual disorders, as a novel it is

worthless; and, in spite of its sophistication, crude and naïve. One of the characters says she is going to write: 'A real book, in which I'll tell about myself. There won't be anything amusing about it, but I believe it'll create quite a sensation.' Precisely.

RICHARD ALDINGTON:
*Introduction to Mistral*
*Heinemann. London. 31s. 6d.*

The great Provencal poet Frédéric Mistral (1830-1914) stood for decentralization, the common folk, and traditional values against the tendencies of the modern centralized industrial State. Aldington gets in some shafts of his own against machine-civilization: 'In practice "folk-lore" is a word generally limited to survivals from the pre-machine age, but as a matter of fact the machine minders and their exploiters and parasites are as much given to "beliefs, customs and legends" as primitive agriculturalists, with the difference that they are always lacking in poetry as well as any connections with the world of Nature.' A good introductory work.

GODFREY SMITH:
*The Friends*
*Gollancz. London. 15s. 6d.*

A neatly told and sophisticated novel in the setting of English political life.

T. INGLIS MOORE (editor):
*Selected Poems of Henry Kendall*
*Angus & Robertson. Sydney. 17s. 6d.*

The introduction and the selection of poems provide what is wanted for a re-assessment of the man whom Roy Campbell referred to as the only good British Colonial poet and one who had influenced him greatly. Kendall's poem 'Beyond Kerguelen' was praised by Oscar Wilde and suggested to Campbell his 'Tristan da Cunha'. Reprinted here is a piece of rough political verse 'The Irishman's Pig' which is still relevant.

THEODOR H. GASTER:
*The Scriptures of the Dead Sea Sect*
*Secker & Warburg. London. 30s. 0d.*

An eminent Jewish scholar has produced a complete translation of the Qumran Scrolls. The well balanced introduction indicates how far responsible scholarship has moved beyond the early rash attempts at assigning references in the Scrolls to definite historical events and personages, and also the sensational attempts to find in them the origins of Christianity. The literary interest of the texts proves to be not very great. The Book of Hymns contains psalms which borrow heavily from the Hebrew Scriptures but only occasionally rise to the level of the canonical psalms.

EGBERT MUNZER:
*Solovyev: Prophet of Russian-Western Unity*
*Hollis & Carter. London. 18s. 9d.*

E. LAMPERT
*Studies in Rebellion*
*Routledge & Kegan Paul. London.*

Munzer in his excellent survey of the great nineteenth-century Russian thinker Solovyev complains that the West still has little understanding of the deeper spiritual currents in Russian society over the last few generations. His own book, and Lampert's study of Belinsky, Bakunin and Herzen (which has a good introductory chapter on the intellectual and social crisis of nineteenth-century Russia) are genuine contributions to a better understanding.

ALLEN TATE:
*The Man of Letters in the Modern World*
*Thames & Hudson. London. 12s. 6d.*

Inter alia: 'Great poetry needs no special features of difficulty to make it mysterious. When it has them, the reputation of the poet is likely to remain uncertain.' And: 'not even literary nationalism could abort a genuine national literature when it is ready to appear.'

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

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|---|---|
| M. H. Ellis | is a well known Australian historian whose writings include lives of *Lachlan Macquarie* (Angus & Robertson 1947) and *John Macarthur* (Angus & Robertson 1954). |
| Dal Stivens | has returned from England and settled in Sydney. Two books are due to be published by Angus & Robertson shortly: *The Scholarly Mouse and Other Tales* and a symbolic novel *The Wide Arch.* |
| T. Andrzejaczek | (pronounced Ahn-dgay-yah-chek) is a Polish architect now working in Adelaide. |
| D'Arcy Niland | whose novel *The Shiralee* (Angus & Robertson 1955) was a film success recently has just published a new novel, *Call Me When the Cross Turns Over* (Angus & Robertson 1957). |
| G. N. Sprod | an Adelaide-born artist who for the last eight years has worked in England. A new book of his drawings is due to appear shortly. |
| Herbert Piper | is Professor of English at the University of New England. |
| Lloyd Ross | Secretary of the NSW Branch of the Australian Railways Union, has written in many journals on industrial and political affairs. |
| H. A. Lindsay | is a freelance whose articles and short stories have been published here, in Britain and USA. Books include *The Bushman's Handbook* (Angus & Robertson 1948). |
| John Bedggood | now at the Dragon School, Oxford, was formerly a master at Geelong Grammar School. |
| Roger Covell | reviews music, drama and literature on the Brisbane *Courier-Mail.* |
| O. H. K. Spate | Professor of Geography at the Australian National University. Publications include *India and Pakistan* (Methuen 1954). |


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Published at 2 Albert Street, Sydney, by H. R. Krygier on behalf of the Australian Association for Cultural Freedom